

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1764.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

PRICE 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MISS STRICKLAND'S SCOTTISH QUEENS.
Lines of the Queens of Scotland, &c. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. I. Blackwoods.

The popularity of the author's *Queens of England* would have sufficiently justified a sequel like this, had there been nothing beyond a mere extended unity of historical plan to suggest it; but the subject itself is so 'redolent' of interesting matter, that it must

at once succeed to all the attractions of its precursor. To us one great merit of these biographies, after passing the very earliest where learned antiquarian research and an experience in ancient documentary writings were peculiarly required, (and Miss Strickland displayed much ability even on this eruditely and difficult portion of her task)—one great merit of the work was, that it was distilled through the woman-mind and performed by the female hand. We thus avoided grossesses against which masculine taste could hardly have been guarded enough, and had a publication as fit as possible for the mothers, wives, and daughters of England to read.

And this consideration is forcibly illustrated in the very first Memoir of the volume before us—the life of Margaret Tudor, the Queen of James IV, daughter of Henry VII, and sister of Henry VIII. She was a jolly dame of her blood, kith, and kin; and had, or would have had, about as many husbands as her brother had wives! Altogether she presented a 'delicate investigation' for her biographer;

and Miss Strickland has acquitted herself admirably of her office. In the chancery colouring, consistent with truth, she has painted the royal Carline, with her political and amative intrigues, her selfishness, betrayals of confidence, and divorcings. Every thing coarse is softened and avoided; and it is rather by induction than by direct statement that we are enabled to see Margaret Tudor in her native light. Take her for all in all she was an unamiable and bad specimen of her sex; a royal Animal, of a warm temperament, cunning, deceitful, and avaricious.

But what was to be expected? Her education was neglected, she was married at the premature age of fourteen, she was left a young widow ten years later, and in a position to wage an everlasting conflict with the rude feudal lords of Scotland for the tutelage of the infant king her son, and the regnancy of the country; and, afterwards, even with her son himself, when he attained the age for assuming the sovereignty. A strong self-will seems to have been almost the only useful quality she possessed for bearing the brunt of these struggles; and it is strange to say that her female charms, passions, and amours, helped her not a little amid the distractions of these times. Her coquetry, or whatever it might be, with the Regent Albany, at any rate, stood her in good stead; and she received considerable external support as the reward of communicating the secret councils and pur-

poses of the kingdom to her brother Henry, Wolsey, and Lord Daere, the stalwart keeper of the English borders. Her sins were unhappily visited upon her descendants, and much of the Stuart woes may be traced to the seeds sown by Margaret Tudor.

We have noticed that she was ill educated, so ill that she never could spell even common words; and the following is a sample of her epistolary correspondence near the close of her career:—

"Gyff we fynd the sayd Byschope of Saynt Tansdroz be ony vay to be trw tyll ozw, we had lever hav hym, bot as zet I can not parssaff it. Therfor, vee man doo as we fynd beast for ozw, trostyng that the Kyng's Grace, my brether, vyl suple ozw, and not lat ozw vant."*

At a later period we find this striking picture of her treachery and amatory propensities. To Henry Ray, a confidential pursuivant sent to her from London, and whom she received in disguise in her private gallery in Holyrood Palace, she declared:—

"There shall be nothing done in this realm," said the Queen, "but the King my brother, and my lord of Norfolk, shall have knowledge of it. The Lords and all the commonalty of Scotland do suspect that ye will make war against them; and if it be so, let my lord of Norfolk make sure of the Commons."

"Margaret meant the common people of England. The destitute poor among them, in their extreme agony at the deprivation of support by the monasteries, without other aid being provided, had lately risen in the rebellion called the 'Pilgrimage of Grace,' and were now daily sending invitations to the King of Scotland for assistance. The Berwick pursuivant rejoined, 'Hath your Grace any suspect that they are not sure enough?'"

"'Nay,' answered Queen Margaret; 'but I pray you show this unto him—and also, if ye intend war, say, that I pray my lord of Norfolk that he make no war until I and Harry Stuart be divorced. For if the war should be before the said divorce were made, the Lords of Scotland will suffer him to have my living.' There came Queen Margaret to her usual conclusion of self-seeking; war was to be made to square with her own pleasure and inclinations.

"Margaret received no answer until the middle of May, when a despatch arrived from Cromwell, full of general assurances of how earnestly 'the King, her brother, had travailed for her contention in the solicitation of her honourable causes.' The wily minister mentions not the divorce, but presses her for intelligence from Scotland, and sends her a present 'of cramp-rings,' as his respectable master had lately consecrated a batch of those useful and valuable articles. Taking artful advantage of Margaret's grumbling invectives against her son, Henry VIII. had provokingly sent Ralph

* "She learned to write in her childhood, or rather to trace certain square-looking marks, which would resemble some of the Oriental characters if they had more regularity. Her orthography was guided solely by the sounds she uttered; and these prove that the persons who formed her pronunciation placed strong aspirations before all the vowels. She played on the lute, and danced actively. Her performance of a quick lively dance, with her brother Henry as a partner, at the festival of her brother Arthur's marriage with Katherine of Arragon, was admired by the whole court."—Dancing seems to have been almost a mania in those days. Every party danced away, on every occasion, after their early suppers, before going to bed.—ED. L. G.

Sadler on a mission to him when the highly-favoured guest and son-in-law of Francis I. The errand of Sadler was to remonstrate with the King of Scotland on the great cruelty of treating his mother so very ill that she was forced, by piteous bewailings, to awaken her brother's compassion in her favour. How infinitely exasperated James V. must have been may be considered, when the ill-treatment consisted only of his disapprobation of his mother, then in her forty-eighth year, divorcing her third husband to marry a fourth—out of these four husbands three being then alive! According to Queen Margaret's plea concerning James IV., the whole four might be considered in existence on the best authority!"

Well might Miss Strickland remark elsewhere:—

"The royal family of Tudor was not a nest from which does ever sprang. It is true that Margaret Tudor became the mother of the line which, succeeding to the Britannie empire, peaceably effected by right the good that might could never accomplish. Yet Margaret's personal conduct brought no elements of peace; and while she ruled as Queen Regent of the north, her character reflected, as in a dim and turbid mirror, a family resemblance of the caprices and passions of her powerful brother Henry VIII., the sovereign of the south."

But to historical events. On the 24th of January, 1502-3, Margaret was affianced to James with much ceremony at the Royal Palace of Richmond, there being found no impediment that the king was at that very time married to Margaret Drummond, of the noble family of Perth, so cruelly and mysteriously murdered with her two sisters, Lady Fleming and Sybella, in Drummond Castle.* This, by whomsoever perpetrated, removing all hindrances, Margaret Tudor set out in great state from Richmond Palace on the 16th of June, 1503, on her journey to Edinburgh, to be fully married to her royal bridegroom, who was about eighteen years her senior, a splendid specimen of chivalry and manhood at the age of thirty-one. The account of her pompous cavalcade, receptions and entertainments, all along the tedious way, is a most curious reflex of the manners of the age, and forms a remarkable contrast to the railroad transits of our Queen Victoria, with all the railway directors' homage, arches of flowers, and popular applause. In the elder period we have such particulars as follow:—

"The Queen of Scotland, when all adiuses were made, set out from Collewiston 'in fair order and array.' She was attired in a rich riding-dress, and was mounted on a beautiful white pony or palfrey. Just before her rode Sir David Owen, very splendidly dressed. The Queen had an equestrian bishop at either hand, the place of honour being given to the Bishop of Murray, to whose care she was especially consigned, he being the appointed envoy of her royal lord. On her left hand rode Nix, Bishop of Norwich, whose name has an evil notoriety in history, on account of his cruelties in after life to the Reformers of his diocese.

"Three footmen always walked close to the Queen's palfrey, 'very honestly appointed,' with

* Vide Mr. Henry Drummond's magnificent 'History of Noble British Families,' reviewed in *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 1687-88.

portcullises embroidered on their jackets. Queen Margaret was followed by a gentleman mounted, leading in his hand a palfrey 'very richly dight.' This cavalier was Sir Thomas Wortley, recently appointed her Master of the Horse. Next came a rich litter, borne between two fair coursers very nobly trapped, which the Queen entered before she approached any large town, or when she was tired of her palfrey. Two other footmen, with the portcullis badge, walked on each side of the royal litter. Then followed her ladies on fair palfreys; many squires rode before them—indeed none but squires were permitted to approach them, and it was a 'right fair sight.'

"Then came a car, finely adorned, in which were four ladies of her bed-chamber, who travelled through the whole journey. The female servants of the ladies, mounted on palfreys, followed this car or charrette.

"Near the Queen's person rode Johanne and his company, the minstrels of music; and the trumpeters, with displayed banners. In her entries of towns and the departings of the same, they played on their instruments all the time until she had passed out."

"The gentlemen and squires in attendance of Queen Margaret, more particularly her Master of the Horse, exerted themselves on such occasions to keep a clear space round her, so that she might the more readily be seen. The royal liveries were white and green, with the arms of Scotland and England parted with red roses and crowned portcullises—the Tudor badge inherited from the House of Beaufort.

"Such was the order of march in which the bride Queen of Scotland left the paternal presence, and issued from her grand-dame's demesne of Colleweston."

At York :—

"The Lord Scrope of Bolton met her in her afternoon stage from Tadcaster. He was riding in great state, with his lady 'right richly beseen.' Their son, the Lord Scrope of Upsal, appeared at the head of almost an army of the Yorkshire chivalry, composed of knights, squires, and their retainers. The sheriffs of the West Riding likewise came to welcome her grace within their boundaries, and brought her forward till the whole party drew up within a mile of the city of York.

"Here the royal state of the bride Queen's procession began; and so grand were the preparations within the walls of the northern metropolis that she found it requisite to change her dress, for which purpose she retired to her litter, where, assisted by her tire-women, she performed her toilette by the wayside. All her ladies and maidens likewise 'refreshed' their habiliments; and when they considered themselves sufficiently brightened and cleansed from the dust and stains of travel, York gates were opened, and a grand procession of civic magnates and gallant Yorkshire cavaliers poured forth to meet and welcome the royal train. The citizens were headed by the Lord Mayor of York, and the chivalry by the Earl of Northumberland, whose attention to his dress and decorations was remarkable—so much so, that Master John Young, Somerset Herald, felt himself obliged to draw the following sketch of a noble fop of the fifteenth century, in which the reality of Percy of Northumberland almost rivals the bright ideal of Sir Piercy Shafton :—

"My Lord of Northumberland came to welcome her fair Grace gaily clothed in crimson velvet. At the openings of his sleeves and collar appeared large borders set with precious stone, and his boots were of black velvet worked with gold. His foot-cloth of crimson velvet, all bordered with *orfaverie*, (beaten and wrought gold,) hung to the ground. Gold embossed work appeared on his arms, which were very rich, on his saddle-bow and on his lance. The steed on which he was mounted was a fair one; and as he approached the Queen, and anon he made gambades pleasant to see,

In company with the Earl of Northumberland rode the venerable knight, Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, (honourably celebrated by Wordsworth in our days,) Sir Thomas Curwen, of Workington, and Sir John Pennington.

"In fair order," continues our indefatigable Herald, "did Queen Margaret enter York, her minstrels singing, her trumpets and sackbuts playing, and the high woods resounding; banners and bandrolles waving, coats of arms unrolled to the light of the sunsetting, rich maces in hand, and brave horsemen curveting and bounding."

Even the late *sûte* of the Lord Mayor of the northern capital sinks into feeble splendour when compared with this, though it may be remembered by Soyer's luxurious hundred guinea *compte* of back-bones—was not that a dainty dish to set before a Prince? Farther on :—

"Much sweet minstrelsy, and excellent good cheer, were provided for her Grace's reception by the Governor or Captain of Berwick. She was entertained with 'courses of chase in the enclosure of the walls, and recreated with the sports of great dogs and bears tugging each other, and loud shooting of artillery.'

It was the 3rd of August before the bride got to Dalkeith, and—

"Scarcely was the royal bride in possession of her chamber and withdrawing-room, when a hurrying sound in the quadrangle announced that some unexpected event had happened. The tumult ran through the castle, till it reached the ante-room of the royal suite, where the cry soon greeted the ear of Margaret—'The King, the King of Scotland has arrived!'

"James IV. came in thus unexpectedly to relieve his young bride from the anxiety of a formal introduction to him in the midst of tedious state ceremonies, with the eyes of a multitude fixed upon them. He wished to make acquaintance with her before such ordeal commenced; and if his bride had a heart worth the winning, it was evident the King of Scotland thought it most likely to be won when they were disengaged of the stiff stateliness ever surrounding royalty on public days.

"He entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness*—

"For hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And oh, he had that merry glance
Which selions lady's heart resists."

"The young queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them."

"Every evening they met and played (king and queen and all) on lutes and clavichords, and sang ballads, and danced various sorts of dances. At last they entered Edinburgh in a grand procession, the queen riding behind her husband on a gentle palfrey, a 'fair courser' intended for the ceremony being found unwilling to carry double! For—

"Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the

King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold, with crimson velvet, interlined with white and red; the King went to the horse, mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company, then tried his pace—choosing to judge himself whether it were safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city." Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him, as a lady would ride, to see whether the proud courser would submit to her double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favourite charger; 'so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pillion behind him.'

"This arrangement, however, took place about a mile from the gates of the Scottish capital. There were notable pageants and diversions to take place before the royal party entered therein."

The next day, August 8th, the marriage was performed by the Archbishop of Glasgow and York, with a great many formalities—dinner was served in state—an epithalamium was sung (still in the British Museum) and concluding :—

"Welcome the rose both red and white,
Welcome the flower of our delight,
Our spirits rejoicing from the spleen,
Welcome in Scotland to be Queen!"

"A hall was cleared for the dance when the minstrels had concluded their stanzas. The King and Queen danced, and many ladies, lords, and gentlemen, 'and some good bodies,' continues our quaint Somerset Herald, 'made games of passe-passe, which did very well.' But games of amusement which are out of fashion are the most inscrutable of all antiquarian enigmas, and this game of 'passe-passe' remains to us a mystery.

"At the hour of even-song, the King, accompanied by his nobles and those pertaining to the Queen, but without her, went to church, where the Abbot of Holyrood did the service. On the King's return, before he sat down, he sent his marriage robe to the heralds and officers-of-arms of England, and put on another of black velvet, furred with martens. Somerset Herald (the chronicler of these incidents) and his companions, bore the King's marriage-dress the next day in solemn procession, through the court, and returned thanks to his Grace for it.

"After supper the night approached, therefore every one withdrew himself to his lodging to take his rest; and the King led the Queen apart. They went away together—God, by his grace, hold them in long prosperity!"

"It is astonishing how soon James's child-wife began to pout and show her discontent. She writes to her father in apprehension of everything threatening her heart's ease in 'time to come':—

"The series of flatteries and adorations she had experienced in her bridal tour, had only puffed up the vanity and presumption to which the female character, at that age, is peculiarly liable. The sedulous attentions, and little fond indulgencies, with which her accomplished lord had humanely endeavoured to soothe and console her for her removal from her country and parent, were all utterly thrown away on a thankless and murmuring spirit. Margaret was as little grateful to the Earl of Surrey, for his successful escort to the throne matrimonial of Scotland. All the return she makes is an incendiary endeavour to sow strife between him and the King her father; strife which, in due time, might have brought forth murderous fruits."

A little later we read :—

"Margaret was still a child, therefore notations of pleasure and amusements constitute the sole records of her married life for a year or two. The

* There is, however, the discrepancy between the beard "rather long" in the text and the "short curled beard" in the quotation. Leland also says his beard was "somewhat long."—ED. L. G.



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anniversary of her marriage in 1504, was spent at the fortress of Dunottar, of which the head of the noble family of Keith was then castellan. Here, in August, James IV. kept court with princely cheer, and gave, in the course of the month, many donations to Margaret's musical band. 'Two English songstresses, who sang in the pavilion to the Queen at Dunottar Castle, had a donation of 27s.: the King likewise ordered a benefaction of 18s. to the child that played on the monochord.' Queen Margaret's later had fees amounting to 56s., likewise Pate Harper, who played the *clarcha*; likewise English boy Cuddy, and Souter the luter, got a share in a largess of 3*l.* 10*s.*, given by the royal Stuart. The Queen's luter was given a donation to get his lute out of pawn; four Italian minstrels had fees to clear them of the town; and Hogg the teller, or *diseuse*, was given a benefaction of 13*s.*"

The arts by which Margaret tried to intimidate the king from his fatal expedition to Flodden are well described, and the trust reposed in her by him on his departure, confiding all the royal treasures to her keeping (and keep them she did—the larger portion quite secretly,) is also clearly explained. From this period we feel little else than disgust at her conduct. Her eternal pleas of poverty and complaints about moneys withheld from her claims; her marriages with the youthful Angus and the youthful Henry Stuart, and her desire to wed another youthful Stuart (John); her separations and pursuit of divorcees; her quarrels and odd reconciliations with Albany; her children, and even her perjuries and her death, need not detain us from our conclusion. The whole possesses the interest of history, romance, and human life combined; and the curiosity of readers will find plenty of gratification in the easy and pleasant narrative.

The lives of Magdalene of France and Mary of Lorraine, the queens of James V., are much shorter, and finish the volume, but require no notice beyond a note of general eulogy from us. That they well deserve.

MINERALOGY.

Popular Mineralogy, comprising a Familiar Account of Minerals and their Uses. By Henry Sowerby. Reeve and Benham. MINERALOGY is less popular at present than it was at the commencement of the century. A degree of interest has been created for other departments of natural science, by the rapid discovery of new and often important truths, and by the refined deductions which have been made from the evidences of observation and experiment, while mineralogy has been left, almost entirely, in the hands of the collector. The chemist has, it is true, now and then enlightened the world on the composition of a new mineral, but the natural philosopher appears to have deserted this branch of physics for the more attractive phenomena of the organic world.

The mineral kingdom is apparently reserved for the examination of other ages. There are some indications of an awakening to the importance of the field in the investigations which have been made on the phenomena of mineral veins—their electrical character—the relations of the forms of crystalline minerals to magnetic influence, and some similar experimental inquiries.

Notwithstanding this long neglect, we feel that we speak a truth in declaring our conviction that the philosophy of mineral forma-

tion will, before long, be as popular as the more favourite sciences, and that it will be found to tell a more important tale of the world's history than almost any other problem of nature which man has yet to solve.

Minerals present an almost infinite variety of form and colour, and hence elegant crystalline groups and brilliantly tinted metalliferous ores have never wanted admirers. They have found their places in the cabinets of the curious, in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, and in the lowly apartments of the observing poor. But by employing them merely for the purposes of curiosity or decoration, we do not hear those 'sermons in stones' which they can preach if duly questioned and properly listened to. Why is gold found in the waste of the primary rocks, or if discovered *in situ*, why are the quartz *lodes* or veins which contain it so superficial? Was this most durable of metals among the last of the metalliferous creations?

Why is copper and tin so peculiarly associated with the primary rocks—the granites, slates, and porphyries? or, why is lead and its satellite silver as peculiarly disseminated in the limestone strata?

To what influence can we refer the fact that nearly all the copper lodes of Cornwall have a direction from the north of east to the south of west; and what physical power has ordered that the lead lodes of the same districts should run mostly at right angles to those?

Our philosophy can give no answer to these questions, and a thousand others might be asked upon which science is silent.

One reason why mineralogy has been less popular than many other sciences—such as botany and geology—is, that minerals of attractive interest are confined to a few rare localities. Flowers are found in every hedge-row; and whether our home may be on the granite, the limestone, or the chalk, we have immediately at hand the rocky tablet the geologist delights to decipher.

There is, however, an inexpensive mode of pursuing a delightful science, which, if once fairly entered upon, will not be soon abandoned. Small collections can be purchased at little cost, and if the selections are judiciously made, it will be found that a very few specimens will furnish a most healthful exercise for an industrious mind. Or, taking this interesting volume, with its well drawn and carefully coloured illustrations, during a walk through the mineralogical department of the British Museum, it will render those crowded cases very intelligible, and, we are satisfied, create a desire for a further acquaintance with the wonderful things which the earth's crust holds locked in its recesses.

The author of this volume has endeavoured to popularize this science to the utmost. We are not, indeed, sure that the number of poetical quotations with which he has treated his readers—apt though they be—have not a tendency to give to his book a superficial appearance which it does not deserve.

In the selection of minerals, Mr. Sowerby has, in taking the most striking of each class, displayed much good judgment; and his descriptions of them are, for the most part, very clearly written, and sufficiently full for a popular exposition.

In the Exhibition of 1851 it is intended to bring together, as far as it is practical, all the

metalliferous minerals of the British Isles. To such a collection this book will form a very useful guide.

There is a point upon which we feel it a duty to draw attention for the purpose of correcting a grave error. Mr. Sowerby says, "Whatever may be the true method and cause of the growth of metals, that they do grow under certain circumstances is not to be denied; and we may here quote the assertion of a practical observer, (Mr. Wright, of Liverpool,) to whom we applied for information. 'Minerals do grow. I opened a vein that had not been worked for two hundred years, and from which the ore had been well cleaned out. I found that the sides of the vein had been replenished with carbonate of lead in crystals of an inch in length, which no practical man can doubt have been formed since the period when the mine was worked.'

We, in the first place, demur to such evidence in a work on science. That the walls of the lode had been "well cleaned out" two hundred years previously to Mr. Wright's examination cannot be proved. But admitting it to have been so, and that new crystals of carbonate of lead had formed, let us for a moment see under what conditions they would form, and we shall then see the incorrectness of the form of expression that metals *grow*. This carbonate of lead must have crystallized out of water flowing from some other part of the same, or from a neighbouring vein in a state of decomposition. An ore—sulphuret of lead—slowly decomposing, might form some soluble salt, which, being carried by water to a more exposed surface, would, by the absorption of carbonic acid, be converted into the carbonate, and slowly deposited in a crystalline form. Now, this is not *growth*. Plants and animals grow; they increase in size by the assimilation of matter under the operation of vital forces. Stones and metals may increase in size, but it is merely by the mechanical accretion of particles to their surfaces—there is no force acting from within alone—that cohesion which draws two logs of wood together when floating on a pond, regulates the accumulation of matter about a nucleus to form either a crystal or an amorphous mass. It is false logic to say minerals grow, or that anything approaching to growth belongs to the inorganic creation. The deposit of minerals is precisely analogous to the operation of electro-plating, and no correct speaker would say the silver grew upon the copper vessel under the process. Mr. Sowerby has erred, however, in good company. The great Linnaeus said, "Stones grow, plants grow and live, animals live and move." This master-mind, however, had not directed its powers to the processes of inorganic structure; and hence, taking his ideas from his own organic studies, he perceived not the fallacy which had its birth in the days of Theophrastus.

To the young student we can cordially recommend this work as one that will interest him, and one which, if properly studied, will impart a large amount of knowledge connected with the mineral kingdom, which, it must not be forgotten, is the most important province of Great Britain, in connexion with her sources of industry.

We should add, a large number of minerals are figured in the numerous coloured plates with which the work is illustrated.

ENGLAND TAKEN (IN) AND DONE FOR.

The Defenceless State of Great Britain. By
Sir F. B. Head, Bart. Murray.

THE field occupied by Sir Francis Head is far too wide for us to touch upon even its most striking and important features. In it he reviews all the great armies in the world—he calculates and contrasts the different Powers—he looks back upon the past, and exhibits causes of failure or success, alarm or security—he examines supineness and expenditure, and denounces the one, and proposes liberal systematic regulation of the other—he goes into questions of discipline, military and naval—he treats of the French and American navies—and, in short, upon a balance of the whole circumstances of our National case he concludes that we are now in a dangerously and utterly inadequate defenceless condition!

The considerations brought forward are altogether so vast and various that he must be Dogmatism personified who would venture to pronounce a judgment upon them; for he must combine in himself all the knowledge and talents of the Cabinet, the Commander-in-Chief, the Lords of the Admiralty, the most skilful Ship-builders, the most experienced Engineers, and a host of other highly qualified and gifted men. We will not undertake the task, nor will we readily subscribe to the doctrine that the blood of Douglas cannot protect itself; but accept the terror held over us by the author, as a consequence of our neglects and mistakes, and see through his glass what we should come to in consequence of a false economy and constitutional absurdities when *London is taken by the French!!* and the President adopts Buckingham Palace for his head-quarters, looking across the Park to Carlton Gardens, where our friend Louis Napoleon used to lodge. Here are the anticipated process and consequences:—

"The French army, after leisurely marching towards London through—say Maidstone, Tunbridge, and Chatham—its right resting on the Thames, would probably encamp on and in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and here Woolwich, OUR MAIN AND ALMOST ONLY ARSENAL, in which all our brass guns are made,—the great depot of guns and ordnance preparations for our navy,—as also for the preparation of our shells, rockets, fire-works, and cartridges,—would fall into his hands!" *

"Remaining here for a few days until his rear-filled up by successive reinforcements from France—had increased his force to say 200,000 men, he might then safely inform the French admiral that he and his fleet, being no longer required, might quietly return to Cherbourg; for it is evident that if the French army, after reaching Blackheath, were to be conquered, they would neither as corpses nor as prisoners of war require their own fleet, and that, if they were not conquered, the ships and navy of England would be but too happy to take them back to France the instant they were disposed to return there."

"About a month after the French ships had anchored at Cherbourg, there would probably arrive in the Channel—in a state of profuse perspiration caused by eager and excessive haste—the British Mediterranean fleet, the admiral of which would be apprised by a communication, possibly dated 'Admiralty, London,' that any damage he might do to the French coasts or to French shipping would, by the French army in England, be duly placed to the Dr. side of its account with Great Britain.

"With no force to oppose him, the French general might from Blackheath offer to the British people

peace, or rather dictate to them terms of submission; he would, however, most probably prefer, à la Napoléon, to do so in the enemy's capital, and accordingly with drums beating, bands playing, trumpets resounding, and colours flying, he would continue his march upon London.

"On arriving at his goal, his arrangements, according to the usual system of military occupation, would be probably somewhat as follows:

"With a view of establishing a cordon of close confinement, the bulk of the army would be encamped in the most open, convenient, and commanding points in the vicinity of the capital, such as—1. St. James's and Green Parks. 2. Hyde Park [The Glass House a splendid dépôt]. 3. Regent's Park. 4. Any convenient open ground about Hackney and Bow, and between them and Regent's Park. 5. Deptford Dockyard. 6. Clapham and Camberwell. 7. Brixton and Battersea.

"The strength of the corps at each of the above would of course be apportioned according to the importance which circumstances might recommend at the time.

"As it is always a great object to get as many men under roofs as possible, all large buildings, warehouses, &c., sufficiently near to each encampment would be occupied, first for hospitals, and then for barracks: efforts would be made to obtain cover for all the horses; and as it is quite usual for churches to be taken for such purposes, they would, no doubt, be applied, unless other shelter could be conveniently procured.

"Every officer would be billeted in the nearest and best houses; he would require from two to four or five rooms according to his rank, and on exceedingly easy and intimate terms to live with the family.

"The interior of the city would of course be strongly watched by powerful guards and numerous patrols, supported by detachments occupying strong buildings, either commanding useful positions, or in open places, such as the squares. For these purposes, and for the important object of maintaining a communication with them and the main forces encamped in the outskirts, a precaution always of vital importance, the Millbank Penitentiary, the new Houses of Parliament, the Horse Guards, Whitehall, the Admiralty, up to the National Gallery and Barracks adjoining, and all the other great buildings round Trafalgar Square, as well as all the Club Houses about Waterloo Place and Pall Mall, would be strongly occupied; and to secure a communication from these points to Regent's Park, and also to interrupt any hostile communication between the east and west portions of London, the whole of Regent Street would probably be strongly occupied. Lastly, to command the line of the Thames, which would of course be considered of great military importance, troops would hold, in considerable force, Hungerford Market, Somerset House, the Tower, St. Katherine's and London Docks, the buildings of which are all most admirably adapted for barracks.

"These preliminary arrangements having been completed, and with the additional power, by a few shells, carcasses, and rockets, of burning the whole town to the ground, if necessary, the French general would probably proceed to business."

"And a pretty business it would be; such as never was transacted in Marl Lane or the Stock Exchange, or (before) in the Bank of England. Plunder and humiliation being the objects, one of the means is ludicrously depicted, on the supposition that any newspaper editors would dare to disobey the orders of the *Commissaire* to state,—

"That, although the ARISTOCRACY are suffering severely, the people at large offer no complaint, and that, on the whole, the 'morale' appears to be favourable to the new system."

"If these orders are not complied with, the 'commissaire,' either by word of mouth or by a very slight movement of one eye, directs that he

offender be made an example of. Accordingly, with the butt-ends of muskets the invaluable printing apparatus is smashed, the type cast into the street, and the editor, falling into the hands of the soldiers, undergoes treatment which nothing but the ingenuity, ferocity, and frivolity of a Frenchman could devise. For instance, they will perhaps, first of all, cut off one or both of his mustaches—strip him,—plaster him over with thick printer's ink,—curl his hair with it,—dress him up in paper uniform and jack-boots made from the broadsheet; if he open his mouth—'*Tiens, petit! tiens!*'—feed him with pica; in short, by a series of innumerable and ever-varying strange methods of what they call '*joliment arranger*' any refractory subject they wish to victimise—our military readers will, we are confident, corroborate these facts—they would intimidate the press, that, like every other power in the country, it would be obliged to bend to the storm."

Only conceive the Thunderer of the *Times* obliged to submit to such indignities: our blood freezes to imagine it. But again, as to other classes:—

"If, when called upon for his contribution, any unhappy shopkeeper or householder in the Strand, Oxford Street, the City, Belgravia, Grosvenor-square, or elsewhere, ventured to remonstrate—that is, to produce words instead of money—the commissaire's eye would have scarcely twinkled once before the '*plat de sabre*' of some ten or fifteen soldiers would most unmercifully have punished the offence. Indeed, if even a sulky look was offered, there would instantly be billeted in the house a detachment of cavalry or infantry, who, by day as well as by night, would '*joliment arranger*' the interior."

More general views shadow forth the utter ruin that must ensue from the breaking up of the money, credit, funded, commercial, and manufacturing systems of which London is the heart and soul, the fountain of existence and organization. It would be pitiable, and the hope of alleviation is but coldly held out by our author:—

"It is (he declares) to be fervently hoped that, during the awful visitation we have but faintly described, some mode, at present unknown to us, would be devised for raising from the farmer, the country gentlemen, and from the inhabitants of country towns, villages, &c., sufficient money—or, as that probably could not possibly be obtained, money's worth—to barter in exchange for provisions for the millions of poor people who would be thrown out of work. It is fervently to be hoped that, during such collections, during such sufferings, and during the almost total annihilation of civil power, these millions of sufferers would patiently bide the time when, by the blessings of capitulation on almost any terms, the nation should be relieved from the awful pestilence of war. Should they, however, be instigated by wicked persons, by illness, and by want, to have recourse to plunder and rapine, there might be scenes in the interior of Great Britain and Ireland, especially in the large lone houses of the wealthy, infinitely more terrible than those that were devastating the metropolis."

"We should be relieved from very painful feelings if we could here throw down the pen with which we have been most reluctantly delineating the abject condition of the British people during their subjection to a French army; but the bitterest portion of the cup of their affliction remains to be analysed. '*THE GROANS OF THE BRITONS*' are not yet half described."

The horrors of war are painted: Fusiliers could not have made them more terrific. But we draw a veil over the frightful vision, trusting that after all it may be but a night dream, which never, like that of the morning according to Lover's song, "comes true." Meantime

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while, there are probably many things in this volume, written by an able gentleman who has seen a great deal of the world, which well deserve the gravest consideration of those to whom the safety of the country is entrusted, and thus forewarned of its perils they will timorous adopt the necessary measures to make HEAD against them.

ENGLAND IN 1850.

Social Aspects. By John Stores Smith. Chapman.

The hard utilitarianism of the present age is a common and universal complaint. Men toil and struggle and scheme in every cause which concerns their lower and baser interests, but if an appeal be made to any higher motive, it not only finds no hearty response, but is resented as impracticable, and as inconsistent with the eminently sober and business-like character of the Englishman. Everything is tested by its money value, and an earnest heartfelt devotion to a cause or a principle however righteous, which promises no present and worldly benefit, is looked upon as a strange, rather pitiable peculiarity. This widespread heathenish indifference to everything not directly ministering to external comforts and prosperity is one of the most striking features of the present time; why it is so, few seriously take the pains to inquire, the majority contenting themselves with the first popular reason they hear which accords with their own experience and prejudices. Thus some who remember the soul-stirring enthusiasm which gave England one heart and one will in the last great war, will tell you the long peace has made men drowsy, and that a few hard battles, or even a moderate insurrection, would soon wake us into life again. Others, irritated by the loud boasting about modern 'progress' and 'enlightenment,' lay the blame on what they deem our excessive educating, and say the higher and nobler qualities are smothered by the present system of our teaching. Many more ready answers of the same kind are propounded, all equally inadequate and superficial. The evil is not on the surface; it is rather felt than seen; for outward earnestness and activity the present far surpasses all past times, and the energy spent on things external and material is enormous,—such earnestness and such energy have hitherto been held the surest signs of a people's well-being—why, then, do they not satisfy now? Simply because we have at last found out that nations, like individuals, have a double life, a spiritual and a physical,—that they cannot 'live by bread alone'; and however slow men may be to admit, and slower to act upon this, still they are so far compelled to see it, that when the national soul seems torpid and dead, they become uneasy and alarmed for the national life.

To seek out the cause of this spiritual apathy, to trace it through the various phases of our social existence, and boldly to strip away its many false disguises, was a repulsive but noble task, and this Mr. Smith has undertaken in the work before us. He begins with a brief survey of the causes which brought about the gradual decay of the great empires of the past, and shows that in every case these causes are and must necessarily be found in the state of the people themselves, and not in

anything external to them, as is commonly taught. The same characteristic features are found in every instance—a wide-spread corruption of morals veiled under a specious external refinement; prodigal luxury in the habits of the upper classes; levity and flippancy the prevailing tone of the popular literature; and lastly, a cold but strictly enforced conformity to the letter of a religious creed whose spirit was dead, and which the educated class ridiculed and despised. Mr. Smith thus closes his remarks on this subject:—

"The lesson such reflections and conclusions are intended to convey is very obvious. It is to insist upon the paramount necessity for individual self-watchfulness and individual reformation to the maintenance and improvement of the nation at large. It is to place the tendencies and states of the social and moral life in the position of precedence hitherto ceded to the political life, and consequently to show that the true method for attaining an accurate idea of our national soundness, our national tendencies and wants, is to examine as closely and minutely as we can, the neglected symptoms of our social soundness or morbidity—our social tendencies and wants."

Before entering on the examination of these, Mr. Smith devotes a few pages to a clear and distinct definition of the 'ideal of the perfect man,' as the standard by which he proposes to measure and test the present social condition of England; and this is so admirable, and forms so excellent an introduction to the whole subject of his work, that we are tempted to give it with as little abridgment as possible:—

"There appears to be no definite idea in the nation regarding the point of excellence to be struggled after by us. We are all agreed as to the badness of stealing, lying, and murder; and further than that, there are few who deny what we are going to bring forward, but it is not certainly before the eyes of the people, concentratedly and vividly, what things are absolutely good and what absolutely bad. We have no fixed standard—no high ideal of human perfection before us of which we are jealous, endeavour after which we laud, and departure from which we condemn. The only standard we ever employ is not one absolutely true, but the convenient standard of comparison. Comparison—comparative statistics are the only tests in use at present. If I assert the immorality of our large towns, immediately the ever ready statist pounces upon me, and demonstrates by a vortex of figures that they are better than the rural districts, and having proved that, he goes away satisfied, and considers that he has disproved my assertions, as if the moral result of rural life was the highest state of morality attainable below; or if I mention the practical irreligion into which England has so lamentably fallen, I am shown directly that we are primitive Christians compared with the continental nations, and that is supposed to end the argument. If we can only flatter the national vanity (and much flattery is not required) that we are superior to surrounding countries, all endeavour to attain a still higher superiority is scouted as Utopian. The same system is carried on in private life precisely in the like manner; and not a little abandoned profligacy, selfish hardheartedness, and hollow conformity to things unbelieved, is sanctioned by the consideration that many are as bad, and more worse. If we are not quite devils that will do; as to comparing ourselves with angels and aspiring after their qualities a whisper is never heard. * * *

No living man would set himself to defend the laws of modern society on the grounds of conformity with man's destination, however many might do so on those of expediency and convenience. Press men

plainly in argument, and all will be found to know well enough what qualities are noble in themselves and in their brethren, and what are ignoble. The emptiest fashion-monger, if asked whether he courted Lord Dives because of his equipage and cash, would repel the idea, however true it might be in fact; he would feel it was ignoble to reverence a man for such reasons. But if he were told that he admired Mr. B. for his sterling worth, he would not repel that, although he in reality might snub the gentleman because of his exiguous income. For as, in history, there is no mistaking a genuinely great man, when once fairly brought to light, so in every day life there is no mistaking what qualities are good and great, and what are base and little. They have been the same in all ages, and will remain unaltered to the end. * * * The first quality, without which no true nobility can exist, and which in these times is of itself a degree of greatness, the deep substratum of everything else, pervading and colouring the whole character, is Spirituality or Religion. There must be a solemn ever-present feeling that he is an immortal spirit, not a mere bodily agent of the most wonderful mechanism, only sent here to vie with the horse or mule in material labour, but also a being standing before the Eternal God, whose every thought and action has an everlasting tendency, and whose existence is not bounded by the grave. A cold acknowledgment of this is not what I mean by spirituality. Every one confesses it with his lips—churches and chapels are supported by the universal admission of that truth; but there are hundreds of thousands in England who have so acknowledged it throughout their lives, and whose composition is at this day devoid of any spiritual element however meagre. What is required to constitute the spirituality we mean is, that it should be an active, effective, incentive fact; there like a pillar of fire to guide the man upward to influence, and to impregnate all the routine of life; and that the struggle of his existence should be for the subjugation of the sensual and the gross to the spiritual and the pure; and that is emphatically Religion. * * * But in the absence of other qualities religion may be rendered null; hence to complete the full measure of the man numerous other qualities are indispensable. Insight, clear, vigorous, penetrating insight, in order to see what there is for the man himself to do—what share in the mighty concerns of the universe he is called upon to take; in what direction the assertion and unbending maintenance of his spiritual descent can be the most extensively effected; that is a great requisite. * * * Courage, earnestness, then, are demanded, in order that what is decided should be done—done forthwith. Here it is that many fail: they have not courage when the world laughs and makes mockery at them, or passes them by with inflated scorn, to brave it all, and to say to the world, 'I am here to be a true man, and a true judge will try me and not you.' Neither have they earnestness of purpose, sufficient to render obloquy, contempt, and incessant labour, mere straws of obstruction, which the mighty swoop of intense convictions, marching in earnest action, bear down uncared for; hence we have such sublime speaking and such paltry results. * * * Earnestness alone might almost be given as the one requisite for an ideal man, for none can be earnest without he is sincere, and no man capable of the earnestness I mean could be sincerely convicted of a hard unspiritual animalism. * * * The ideal of a sterling manly life of true spiritual effort may be summed up briefly, as the intense desire, resolve, and endeavour to discover God's will, and having discovered it, to act in obedience to it, in the face of the whole universe, if it be that it stands between us and that obedience,—that also must be kept in view. Let us go forth understanding that such a life alone is admirable; that any other, however respectable in a worldly sense, is, in proportion as it differs from such a life, insignificantly empty or positively bad. If we find society so constituted

as to assist a man in his attempts after a conscientious earnest existence, and the men themselves engaging in life as a fact and a solemnity, and believing in the depths of Intuition and Religion, we shall, according to these preparatory conclusions, assert that its tendency is upward. But, on the other hand, if we find few such men, and discover that our social life is but one revolution upon the same too polished yet barren axis, and that, so far from aiding a man in his lofty struggles, it hinders and annoys him at every step, then we shall say that the tendency of the times is downward."

The writer who dares adopt a tone such as this, and who in such a spirit enters upon a survey of our social tendencies, deserves the highest and warmest praise; for though few will question the abstract truth of the above conclusions, rarely, if ever, either from pulpit or platform, have they found so correct or forcible an utterance. Indeed it would be hard to point to any other work professing to treat of the moral and social evils of our time, in which the fundamental principle of the necessary subordination of man's lower to his higher nature has been so admirably enforced. Historians and politicians have shunned it as foreign to their province; the professed moralist has treated of it as a thing outside and independent of the actual living current of human existence; and hence have arisen the glaring anomalies and contradictions in what we profess to believe and what we actually do; hence we are not ashamed to talk of a 'political world' and a 'religious world' as things totally distinct and apart, though equally good in their respective ways! We are deeply indebted, therefore, to the author of *Social Aspects* for having taken the full recognition of man's destiny as a spiritual and immortal being for the foundation of his inquiry, and as the invariable touchstone by which he tries the value or the worthlessness of all our social reforms and much vaunted advancement.

The first subject of which Mr. Smith treats is that of Morality; and after comparing the refined tone of modern society with the grossness prevalent in the last century, he inquires how far this 'delicate rose-pink purity' is real, and how far superficial? A very little investigation suffices on this head, and a few instances quoted from his own personal knowledge amply show the hideous amount of corruption and profligacy existing under so much conventional strictness.

"Certainly, (to use our author's words,) to read our books and to hear our sermons, the natural inference must be, that what immorality exists here is so insignificant as to be unworthy of notice. And the truth indeed is, that they who in the economy of the nation are expressly set apart to watch over these things, and to fight an everlasting crusade against them, are unacquainted with the amount of depravity around them, or at any rate, so ignorant of its details [and] of the phases it assumes, as to be unfit for producing any effect."

A chapter on the Education and Position of Woman naturally follows these concluding remarks, and it is indeed refreshing to find the same broad, immutably true principles brought to bear on a subject which, beyond any other, has suffered from the degrading and unspiritual views we have already noticed. It is the fashion to claim more mental culture for woman, and some futile attempts have been made to give her something less deplorably bad than what has hitherto been

held a good female education, but even that is done on false and unworthy grounds. It is not claimed even by woman herself because it is right to develop the intellect God has given her, or because it elevates and ennobles her as an intellectual and accountable being—no—but because it makes her a pleasanter companion for man, and because a foolish and ignorant mother is found frequently to make foolish and ignorant sons. This has been the highest ground as yet taken, even by the advocates of a better system of female education; of the working of the present one, and its effect upon social and domestic life generally, Mr. Smith draws a vivid picture. He says, on the subject of education:—

"After examination sufficient it is found that there is not a more melancholy mockery on the face of creation than what passes for female education. The education of boys has never been, and is not now, anything very admirable; but it is perfection as compared with that bestowed on the opposite sex. Boys are not taught much that is solid and enduring; the ideas of existence which might be deeply implanted in the youthful soul are not implanted; but the error is negative; in the case of the girls it is all positive. Not only they are not taught all that is desirable, but they are brought up in everything that is undesirable. * * * Education properly means the preparing of the young adventures for the hazardous conflict of existence, the placing before him clearly and vividly what that conflict has been to others, and what it should be to him, and the teaching him in what manner a true warrior of the Eternal will deport himself; so when the youth or maiden from the hands of the preceptors go forth upon life, they may have distinct and definite conceptions of what that life actually is, and correct ideas of what are their destinies and duties. * * * With regard to qualities, our education system starts upon the principle that frivolity and vanity are woman's natural endowments and her natural element. As plainly as daily practice can assert anything, is it asserted that frivolity and vanity are a natural unblameable atmosphere for her. * * * To sing creditably a few Italian airs, to lisp a little French, to have a certain intimacy with select *dilettanti* literature, to dance gracefully, to draw and paint to a small extent, to make impracticable music stools and ottomans in Berlin wool work, and to weave, knit, net, knot or crochet endless antimacassars and doyleys—these are the sum total of what the rising generation of young ladies are being taught as their occupations in life. * * * If it be that the weakness of the female temperament is a tendency to littleness, emptiness, display, and the prejudices of fashion and conventionality, let us no longer take those as the proper basis of an educational development, and work accordingly; but rather so constitute our system of culture that it may be, what indeed education and culture must be to worthy of the name—a fortifying of the mind and spirit to resist that tendency to extinguish it and rise superior to it."

The remarks on the 'position' of woman we would willingly give at greater length than our space allows; one quotation from them, however, we cannot forego:—

"The treatment of woman by man, which in reality is what is meant by her position in society, is a subject upon which silence is preserved by the tacit consent of all men. Once set yourself in candour and in clear-sightedness to probe it to the full, and there will arise such a long accumulating, still increasing catalogue of brutal arrogance, selfishness, and cruelly refined tyranny, as almost to scare you from further contemplation. * * * Speaking relatively, the unjust differences between the sexes are now more weighty and more pernicious than they have been in any preceding epoch of the

Teutonic history. Mankind is well aware of this and accordingly strives to blind the injured party by an elaborate system of bribery: what we call gallantry is nothing more nor less than so much palaver; cheating womankind by a semblance of giving her her honourable place in society. You say to woman, you have rights undeniably and due—right to be on a perfect equality with us, to be governed in everything by the same laws, and gauged and judged by the same standard; but to give you those rights would either disarrange society or restrict our pleasures and propensities; therefore, as heretofore, silence upon your rights, and in return you shall be called the 'soul of society'—heads shall be uncovered to you, little presents of gowns and gloves shall be made to you, and all men compelled to address you in a senseless unmeaning oiliness of tone and manner, as an especial approximation to your character and tastes."

It is not our intention to give an abstract of Mr. Smith's work, even if our limits would permit it; we pass, therefore, to his remarks on Literature, as especially worthy of notice, and as pointing out the vast significance and importance which the public taste on this point possesses, and that accurate gauge that taste must ever be of the public mind. Certainly, no matter what may be the subject under discussion, is the pervading tone of the lighter literature—a straining for effect and external ornament characterizes the higher-

"The *Pickwick Papers* (Mr. Smith writes) have had an enormous and pernicious influence on the reading community. I do not speak it in any disparagement of that most masterly book, or of its brilliant and generous author. The fault was in the age and the predisposition of the people. If the demand and supply had been formed of the same sterling quality as constituted the characteristic of the originator of this taste, the prospect might have been brighter; though even then, for unsober writing of any kind, however masterly, to have a large territory in national literature argue little soberness in the people. But, unfortunately, this has not been the case. Between the genius of Dickens and the shallow grinning flippancies of his thousand and one imitators, there is as glaring a difference as between Richter and a circus clown. * * * Life is regarded as a mere mountebank feast, to provoke nothing higher or deeper than a pun or a paradox. Good and evil are alike made laughable; clothed at least in a garment of the ludicrous. The haughty peer—the man-atheist—the grubbing miser—the drunken rake—the light girl of the ballet—all are spoken of with the same complacent flippancy, postured and distorted till a remunerative number are led to smile. * * * And in politics the carefully elaborated plans of earnest thinkers are ruthlessly dismissed by a few dashing witticisms in leading journals and political brochures; and a petition, to the finger ends of whose subscribers the hot blood of deep feeling rushed when signing, is received by a reformed House of Commons with laughter and scorn."

The following summary of the vocation and duties of the literary man, we give for its great and eloquent truth:—

"Higher, incalculably higher than any love for fame, present or to come, must be the motive that urges a true literatus to his task; higher, nobler than to kill time or cram the cerebral storerooms of the reading public, must his duty be. * * * The literary man must feel, when he takes up his pen to write, that he is a priest—that he is performing [to] the great secular masses of the world. To stand, then, in his immaterial pulpit, and to survey the mighty congregation his mind's eye can behold beneath him, seeking out their weaknesses and wants, supplying them with strength and consolation; seeking out carefully, and energeti-

well aware of the injured party: what we call a semblance of society. We are sensible and dear with us, to be the same laws, and standard; but another damage and profligacy, silence upon all shall be called to you, shall be made to address you in a more and manner, your character

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cally proclaiming; the neglected, half-buried truth; exposing and reprehending the false, with the calm self-possession of decided insight; breaking in upon the stagnating people and telling them how good and noble is active, vivifying work; how base and noxious is indifference or positive crime. With his whole energy of heart and soul—with the full power of intellect and genius, endeavouring, while he seeks to ameliorate the worldly miseries, the material degradations of his kind, to hold up before all men the Divine Ideal as guiding light to the moral and spiritual man, and with all the might of eloquence to exhort him—upward."

The length of the extracts we have already given warns us to a close; but we must mention, as perhaps the most masterly portion of the work, a survey which Mr. Smith takes of the rise and decline of the different classes which have successively been dominant in England, and the description he gives of the tendencies of that now supreme—the middle class. With one concluding extract, we must take our leave of a work of whose merits (with some deductions on topics we have passed over, in consequence of some shades of difference in opinion) we can hardly speak too highly:—

"If we see a large class of men who have for half a century been emphatically England, casting aside all worthy endeavours, all true man-like action, and devoting themselves, body and soul, to ape all that is most hollow, and contemptible, and insincere in the class above them, and studying only how to procure the means whereby those upper classes shall be eclipsed and rivalled;—

"If we find that a rigid exclusiveness has grown dominant in that class; an exclusiveness not founded on any meritorious quality of intellect or of character, but based solely on the possession of money, however won, without consideration as to the loveableness or detestableness of its possessor;—

"If we find that no cry of distress, no high souled principle, can incite this class to action, but that the only plea upon which they can be stirred into a certain sluggish ferment, is one founded on selfishness, and all the basest and most contemptible qualities of man's nature;—

"And if, lastly, we find * * * a severer tone of orthodox profession pervading society, and a corresponding diminution of Christian practice; if we find men intolerant of any questioning of Christianity, but whose whole lives and motives of action are opposed to that Christianity of which they are tenacious;—

"If we find all these symptoms—and none can deny their existence,—surely it betokens a dilapidated and disordered body; nor does it take a very far-sighted physician to perceive, that if allowed unchecked to work out their natural ending, it must end in the collapse and death of that recreant middle class, and in the severe distraction and probable leath of this brave, old, ill-fated Britain."

CENTO.

Don Juan continued. By * * * * *

Canto 17th. Churton.

An attempt to continue Byron's licentious poem, and executed with spirit, not uncongenial to the original. *Eccē signum:*—

"There's California, which beats to shivers,
All that Abudah saw in Bocchim's vale,
Gold on the plains, gold in the streams and rivers,
'Tis truth, though sounding like a traveller's tale;
But there are hungry mouths, and bilious livers,
And midnight fears of thieves as thick as hall
Who smell out plunder quick as bees scent honey,
The only talisman on earth is money.

* * * * *

"Oh woman! woman! though your charms are great,
Your *finesse* is still greater, and you know it.
Men talk of prudence and appear sedate,
But when the ordeal comes, they seldom show it;

The trap is set, they nibble at the bait.
Then all alike the fool, the sage, the poet;
Monarch and beggar, by one impulse ruled,
Are deluded, cheated, humbugged, door'd, and fool'd.

"My creed is not Catholicism—still
So many charming creatures have profess'd it,
Then the broad charter—do what'er you will,
It is forgiven having once confess'd it;
Then those *indulgences* which render nil
Some darling vice when you have long caress'd it,
Make you feel sorry at the closing scene
You're not so wicked as you might have been."

These are stray stanzas which we could extract as *Byronish*; the more questionable parts are still more so.

Sacred Lyrics. By J. C. G. Smith.

AN exercise of poetry "in the hope that it may light up the holy flame of Divine Love in the hearts of some." Its ulterior vision is of Italy, politically free and Protestant, and the country is thus invoked:—

"When silent eve falls o'er Italia's plains,
Pure as her own unrivall'd marble fane,
Still, as the lily floating on the wave,
Soft, as the moonlight on an infant's grave;
When light with shadow, through the quiv'ring leaves,
A fairy dance in graceful silence weaves,
And stars, that used on ancient Rome to gaze,
Beam on a fallen land their sadden'd rays;
How can her children look upon that sky
Without one tear for days long since pass'd by?
How can they see upon her stones engrav'd
'Land of all others fairest, most enslav'd!'

The Pensive Wanderer. By Cambria's Bard.
Published by the Author.

OUR Cambrian Bard is a curiosity in his way. He does not care much for prosody, but likes a sort of system of measured alliteration. He also entertains other notions, or crotchets, and he writes thus:—

"He was conducted to a sweet cottage,
Lonely placed on the shore of the noble main—
A splendid spot, fit for the heritage
Of the sweetest creature e'er created by the brain—
Heavy lofty mountains were piled around.
With numberless crystal streamlets rushing down;
And widely scattered o'er the varied ground,
Were wild unsought flowers, destitute of renown,
But sweet as the sweetest, nevertheless.
In the far distance rose a rocky headland.
On the admiring mind it left the impress
Of a dark cloud, rising from the remote strand.
The solitary dash of the billows
Was rarely broken by aught of other sound
Save the gulls skimming through the ocean hollows;
Or, perchance the dolphin's rapid sportive bound;
Or when, as was wont, some among the band
Ensnares simple fish—innocent tranquill sport—
For, when thus engaged, the mind will expand
To things of far grander, mightier purport.

"Death, alas! hides, haunting, horrible,
Has buried his imp-rising darts on this devoted Isle,
And stalked along, in all the terrible,
Murd'rous, vengeful shapes, that cover blackened
soulless guile.

Fate decrees the hour of retribution—
Acts which the dark mantle of night scorns to own,
Fate, with its sure unerring revolution,
Shall fiercely hurl to shrink before judgment's
throne."

The Fire of Rome is in shorter metre, but no less remarkable. Thus the Emperor spouts:—

"I bear the name of Nero—
I will die like a hero.
Cowering slaves! villains!
Forget not, fear my manæ.*
Daggers, be ye kind.
Swiftly ease my mind.
My lyre, sweetly faithful friend,
Oh! sad, woful, tragic end.
Sound thy last mournful notes,
Such that grief, pain, denote,
Amid the sheening gleam of the lightning flash,
Amid the rolling roar of the thunder crash;
The wind lowly moans,
In deep sighing tones;
It seems to say,
Oh! dark the day,

* * * I have rhymed this word thus, as being, in my opinion, the most natural English pronunciation, although not that usually adopted. This observation will also apply to other passages in this work."

When Nero died,
When from this earth he bled.
Hark! I hear the sound of horses;
Yes, I hear, I hear Galba's forces,
They come, they come to seek,
On me their vengeance to wreak;
They come, they come, still nearer,
And life, oh life is still dearer;
I will not flee,
I will not yield;
Yet it must be,
My doom is sealed:
They come, they come, I hear, I hear;
Life is life, oh life is dear.
Oh! might I now spare the pain,
Of those I have needlessly slain;
Oh! what would I not give,
If now could I but live.
They come, they come,
With sound of drum;
Adieu my hapless life,
Adieu this useless strife,
Adieu my sweetest charming lyre,
Adieu ye dire and woful fire,
Adieu ye lurking Fame,
Adieu ye future name,
Adieu world, adieu life, lyre, name, fame; a song,
a sigh.

They come, they come, I mount on high,
I sink, I sink, I gasp, I sigh,
I upwards fly,
I die! I die!
I cleave the sky."

Any aspiring young poet who wants a model may study the Bard of Cambria.

The Gamester, a Tale of 1845, and other Poems. Earle.

THE tale of *The Gamester* gives a genuine account of blacklegs and their base arts—their victims and their own miserable fates. There are also some translations of Virgil, and other short poems. The writer takes a very gloomy view of the condition and prospects of England; and of Free Trade and its consequences draws a most deplorable picture. The first two lines of "Quis multa gracilis" will dispose of the translating talent:—

"What slender youth, with soft odours laved,
Seeks thee, on roses, in pleasant cave's retreat?"

The original compositions are, however, somewhat better, and we lend the Free Trade diatribe an example-stave:—

"Buy in the cheapest market—this the rule,
The principle avowed, the heartless maxim shown.
Sell in the dearest,—say the selfish school—
Hold rights of others naught—care only for your own.
Once a high name, our merchant Princes bore,
Their ceaseless energy, and lofty worth,
Have spread the British name the Nations o'er.
These were the means, which gave our commerce birth.
But now, a race have sprung, of yesterday,
Who found their senseless hopes, on mischief done :
In envious madness, cast their own away,
And point, exulting, to a market gone."

Fides Laici. Parker.

LAMENTS the dissensions that rive the church, and cannot accord with those who—

"In God's temple sense they gratify,
With all that soothes the ear and charms the eye;
Music, and flowers, and altar-cloths inlaid
With holy symbols by fair fingers made:
The fretted roof with gewgaw gilding gleams,
And softened light through tinted windows streams;
While tapers burning in the face of day
With import deep mysterious truth convey.
Devotion surely is a sickly plant

The aid of such appliances to want;

Nor feels that soul its own tremendous stake

Which of religion can a plaything make."

The writer goes poetically through the tractarian controversy, and describes and reproves the new old school of the Rubrics, Vestments, and Ceremonies.

The Christian Philanthropist's Pilgrimage.

Same Publisher.

DESCRIPTIVE of various characters and events in life, of considerable pathos. We quote one stanza of the Seducer as an example:—

"O man, of all thy wrongs on man, in sooth,
Deep as their dye,—accusing and accurst,
The robbing woman of her peace and truth,
Amid thy myriad crimes, is still thy worst;

For though the murderer's steel be all athirst
For blood, and doth deep agony procure,
No second pang e'er follows on the first,
Nor hath the heart those writhings to endure,
No sedative can soothe, no remedy can cure."

The whole is finely moral and instructive.

The Solitary, and other Poems; with the Cavalier, a Play. By C. Whitehead. Bentley. THE talent in this volume does not reach the true poetic pitch. The grains are not in proportion—we will not say to the chaff—but parts enfolding them. We quote a few lines of the best in "The Solitary":—

"But soft—a motion trembles in the sky,
And with a timid streak of dubious glow,
Curdles the east, and from his terrace high,
The glad procession of the light doth go:
Cleare and more clear, all neighbouring objects grow,
Wrought from the sable texture of the dark,
And now a fresh chill air begins to blow,
And now springs up the voluntary lark.
And the great sun appears, Heaven's glorious hierarch!"

The story of Jasper Brooke is long and *effete*; the play fair enough for the stage as far as composition goes; and all else partaking of the same vexatious unexceptionableness, without the higher qualities that command applause.

The Mission of Sympathy; a Poem in four Cantos. By W. S. V. Sankey, M.A. Pickering.

THERE is not much above the level and graceful in this poem, and indeed the design, full of goodness and charity, is not very susceptible of lofty thought and the highly sustained embellishments which the imagination can consonantly impart to other strains. The inculcation of virtue, humanity, friendship, and love, is of a softer kind; and all we need say is, that Mr. Sankey has adopted that key and applied it to his humanizing theme. A very short example will suffice to show this:—

"At summer's eve, when all around was calm,
And the fresh air was redolent of balm,
How oft have I, delighted, loved to gaze
Upon the glittering splendour of the blaze
Sparkling on cottage panes, like sapphires bright;
As they glanced back the glowing sunset light;
And as I gazed, fondly thought the while
Of happy hearts and many a joyous smile
Might light within the honest, merry face,
Where calm Content had left her kindly trace.
Then, when kind Sympathy my bosom warm'd
Towards the poor inmates, and my fancy form'd
Ideal pictures of a happy home,
From whence the affections never need to roam,
Methought the light that sparkled on the pane
Presented to mine eyes no emblem vain
Of that which shone within, and cheer'd the seat
Of honest poverty with genial heat.
And though the picture was ideal, still it taught
A kindly lesson to my heart, and brought
My sympathy in tune with those that were,
Whoever they might be, the inmates there;
And this was real joy—no mockery,
A joy refined I owe to Sympathy.
And thus it is that she her aid employs
From others' bliss to multiply our joys."

Faults, it will be seen, occur both in rhyme and rhythm; but we pardon all for the purity of the object and benevolence of the lesson.

LITERARY REFINEMENTS.

Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student
By T. T. Lynch. Longmans.

Our Student appears to be conversant with authorship—a person of thoughtful mind and poetical temperament. His volume is extremely desultory. If there be a plan in it, we cannot make it out. It seems rather to be composed on the roaming principle, seizing the ideas as they arose at intervals, and dilating upon them in verse and prose as fancy and the humour of the hour happened to suggest. The original 'notion' is com-

monly set in rhyme as a text, and the commentary follows, not exactly in prosaic plainness, but in a paraphrastic style, flowery and ornate. Such are the general characteristics of this performance. In detail there are many sweet images and pretty imaginings, and the whole may be pronounced a feeling and intellectual production of considerable literary attractions.

It may also be observed that there are some blemishes, and a little too much of the favourite verbiage of a particular school of writers amongst us. A proneness to a certain degree of inflation is contrasted with an occasional forcing of the subject beyond its natural limits or even the allowable vagaries of the fanciful. One of the features we may notice, as belonging to this school, is the continual envelopment of things in 'mysteries' and the 'mysterious.' One might suppose that the object of good writing was to make obscure matters clear; but our 'stern' and 'suggestive' 'esthetics' are for ever plunging us into greater darkness. They are perfect Druids for gloom, and there is no light in them.

We will take any samples, as they come to hand, of the author's compositions, and by a very few remarks support our criticism on the admixture of the beauties and faults:—

THE FIVE FLOWERS.

"Look, love, on your bosom
Are flowers five;
But one has droop'd its head—
Four alone." [Bad rhyme.]

"So, late, in our nursery
Were children five;
One rests in grassy darkness—
Four alone [only four] live."

"Your four flowers bloom freshly, love;
The fifth, not as they—
Its colour, and form, and odour,
Have passed away.
Take then, from your bosom
The withered one:
Can the air now nourish it?
Can it feel the sun?"

"I have bound the five together
With a fresh willow leaf,
That grew large [?] by a river,
As by flowing love grief; [prosy]
And they all will fall asunder
If I loose the tie;
So a love-clasp for living babes
Is a dead one's memory."

[That is, the willow-leaf, not the dead flower, as it should be.]

"Let the five flowers in your bosom, love,
Its sweet shelter share:
As bound in one, within your heart,
Our five darlings are.
The dead make the living dearer;
And we will joy the more,
That the Giver, who hath taken one,
Has left us four."

"These verses, that I had some time before made, came into my mind as, my journey ended, I sat at evening on a stile. Meadows were before me, sheep-dotted; a woody hill beyond; the spires and factories of a town to my right and behind me; and on my left a valley, through which there frequently shot rapid trains. Too readily, I thought, we say, We are 'past feeling.' The breaking up of the cloudy weather comes in due time, and mellow days succeed, with a soft spiritual wind. We have not lost feeling because we do not feel. The numbed hand is yet alive. To-day, we care not for cream or strawberries; but to-morrow, bread may be to our revived appetite better than honey. A great sorrow that makes us weep an overrunning flood, leaves our wasted heart a desert, hard, scarred, and dry. Yet afterwards it seems to us that the sorrow made our heart to break, as an earthquake a rock, that springs of water might issue, to follow us in our wanderings through life.

"As I sat thus musing, I watched the people passing along a frequented path, not far from me. They seemed of many sorts; the sinner and the

meek, the widowed and the bride; black heads, and silver heads, and auburn heads; stout youths, and ringleted maidens, and shoutin' children; brown cloudy, and merry, and bold, and mild, and sad. These, thought I, are, or have been, or will be, 'past feeling.' How many desires we outlive! They burn out, like fires; but for awhile the ashes remain hot and bright; and even afterwards these ashes are serviceable, improving the soil of our fields of character. We become dead to much while alive; and yet nothing of us truly dies, any more than we ourselves do. In regard to special days of our life, what wonderful power, too, we have of resurrection! It is allowable necromancy to consult the spirit of dead days. We question them, and they prophesy. But if they were neglected prophets while they lived, they may utter woful prophecies when we raise them."

Even the poetic simile, affecting us by the tenderness of its application, besides being indifferently versified, holds badly together. The last stanza is excellent; but it brings us to the forced and thoroughly unconected *sermo*. The cream and strawberries are lugged in among strange bedfellows; and the heart at once broken and a desert can not be one heart. Then the crowd that are, or have been, or will be past feeling, seems to us but a confusion; and the whole dilat upon 'special days' little better than non-sense.

We shall assume a more universally intelligible subject for our last quotation—viz., 'Marriage':—

"The dawn of love in the heart (says the author) is as the 'morning darkness spread upon the mountains' to some dweller on level lands, who, awaking, finds himself in the hill country: momently the sun brightens, and the shadowy mysteries of the mountains disclose their wonders. Marriage is a deep-rooted tree. Strong may it be as a cedar, fruitful as a vine, having great boughs, and a abundant in blossoms. Home is the tent we pitch beneath the wide shadow, and in which we receive visits from the angels at the cool and quiet evening. Evermore 'a new song' sounds over the world from the birds that sing among the branches of this firm-rooted tree. And though strong winds blow often against it, bringing with them deluging rains of grief, it does but root itself more firmly, and presently there is around it an air sweet and still, and above it a serene and unclouded heaven. And even as the utmost fibres of a great tree's roots extend beyond the tips of its far-spreading boughs, so, for new experiences of life, new and far-extending roots of love are ready; and, wide as may be the expanse of bough and foliage, the tree is upborne and nourished. And though sense be the ground in which the marriage-tree is planted, it is as the earth, over which grass and flowerage, nourished by the purest dews of heaven, spread themselves—an earth we tread upon, yet honour. Whenever in our life the spiritual and the sensuous are at one, sense is no longer as a dark dangerous storm-cloud, or as a heavy blighting fog upon the marshes; but is as water dispersed in air, which makes the blue of heaven more soft and deep; and as dark earthly fuel kindled, which is unseen because of the bright pure fires that it sustains. The youth before he loves is as a vessel formed for the water, but as yet moored to the land. In movement alone upon waves that rise and fall can the graces of its outline, the power and beauty of its spars and sails, be manifested. The love of woman becomes to him as a sea open to heaven, whose bosom, yielding to the vessel of his life, sustains it, and mirrors clearly its form and movements. As for woman, before she loves her heart is a garden of the north, rich and productive; but love changes it into a garden of the south, richer, fuller of beauty, fragrance, and luxuriance. If woman is the 'glory of man,' she is also a ray from the glory of God, who, in

black heads, but youths, green; brows red, and sad. Nor will be more outlive! The ashes towards these soil of our country dies, any to special merit, too, we economy the question they were they may m."

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replenishing the earth with maidens, wives, and mothers, ever newly embodies for us ideas of delight, that rest everlasting in the stillness of his pure unfathomed spirit."

We stop here. It is so fair a specimen of the writer in his best forms, that we will not quote the rest of the paper, which falleth into the censure of excess, and wearing out a beautiful theme even to rags. After all, though, we heartily recommend this volume; for, with all its faults, it has more than a redeeming portion of originality and other merits.

ALMANACS.

The Comic Almanack. Edited by H. Mayhew. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Bogue.

It may be that throughout the year we have so constant a succession of similar pleasantries doled out to us, that we do not come with a relish to the customary Christmas dish. In short, there seems to us to be flatness, a staleness, and an unprofitableness in almost the best of these salmagundi, which robs them of the flavour and piquancy required to create or satisfy an appetite. Not that there are not some clever things in this comic production, and Cruikshank's inexhaustible pencil is as prolific and humorous as ever. George is a wonderful being—amateur theatricals, temperance demonstrations, and endless inventions of this sort, do not exhaust him. He flourishes in the drama, he flourishes on water and total abstinence, and more than all, he flourishes in pictorial invention. The frontispiece in this case is so sadly daubed as to spoil it; but the crowded scenes and most of the small *silhouettes* are worthy of him before he left the champaigne of Holborn for that of the Pump.

Raphael's Prophetic Almanac.

It is all very well in an age of the world when we have Mormonites occupying a country, and Latter-day Saints and Agape-monists among ourselves, to sneer at prophecies. For ourselves, we believe as much in Raphael as in Lilly or Moore, and are consequently quite concerned to see what a gloomy year we have before us in 1851. It is absolutely melancholy to anticipate that in the course of these twelve months we shall have—

1. Distress among our agricultural population.
2. King Otho uneasy, and his kingdom embarrassed.
3. Sweden convulsed, and King Oscar troubled.
4. Pio Nono threatened with violence to his person.
5. Evil and ill-health falling on the head of the King of Naples.
6. The Emperor Nicholas thwarted, unfortunate, and suffering, and his subjects groaning under his tyranny.
7. The commerce of Denmark crippled.
8. Calamities befalling the people of China.
9. Speculators in railroads in fresh difficulties.
10. The people of England afflicted.
11. The Grand Seignior with cause to mourn.
12. France again the scene of changes and violence.
13. The President in personal danger from poison or assassination.
14. Famine, pestilence, and war sweeping off the human race.
15. The Irish suffering more than ever, and no hope of remedy.
16. An epidemic in London.
17. Immense swindling and robberies in the Post-office; failures, frauds, fires, and violent outrages throughout the metropolis and country.
18. Prince Albert experiencing a troublesome year, in consequence of Saturn and Uranus afflicting the place of the Moon.

19. The Queen of Portugal as much afflicted as the Moon.

20. The King of Denmark suffering.

21. Scotland in a bad way.

22. Holland rather worse.

23. The Princess Royal in delicate health.

24. The reputation of a certain lady tarnished by slander.

25. Judea in terrible bad plight.

26. Ditto Mauritania.

27. Ditto Catalonia.

28. Ditto Norway.

29. Ditto Bavaria.

30. Ditto Barbary.

31. Ditto Morocco.

32. Ditto Frankfort, and some of them visited by awful convulsions of nature.

33. Dire accidents in Bath and Bristol.

34. A dignitary of the church disgraced, and translated to a better world.

35. Rome perturbed.

36. Italy moved to revolution.

37. Many miserable shipwrecks.

38. The Queen of Spain in ill health.

39. Spain the scene of internal commotions and civil war.

40. The church in danger, and—

41. No cheering ray; and "future generations will read with affright the history of the events of this gloomy and disastrous year."

Alas, alas! amid such troubles what avail it to say that the rest of the Almanac is full of almanacry and astrology besides? What need we care about other sublunary affairs, or even the aspects of the heavens, in the midst of all this misery!

The Financial Reform Almanac following in the wake of France, (see our Paris correspondence, No. 1762,) the financial reformers have adopted this medium to propagate their tenets in the cheapest manner. Besides the Almanac matter, it sets forth all the topics which are well known as the grievances of this active party.

The Protestant Dissenters' Almanac takes a similar course with regard to dissenting grievances, and supplies a good deal of information respecting various sects.

SOUTHEYANA: ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Rev. C. Cuthbert Southey's Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.

Second Notice.

UPON more general topics the annexed extracts bear, and will be read with curiosity by literary men, especially if they contrast the present aspects of publishing with those described only from twenty to twelve years ago.

In 1829, Mr. Southey writes:—

"This year, I trust, will see good progress made in Oliver Newman, the poem being so far advanced that it becomes an object to take it earnestly in hand and complete it. With us no poetry now obtains circulation except what is in the Annuals; these are the only books which are purchased for presents, and the chief sale which poetry used to have was of this kind. Here, however, we are overrun with imitative talent in all the fine arts, especially in fine literature; and if it is not already the case with you, it will very soon be so. I can see some good in this: in one or two generations imitative talent will become so common, that it will not be mistaken, when it first manifests itself, for genius; and it will then be cultivated rather as an embellishment for private life, than with aspiring views of ambition. Much of that levelling is going on with us which no one can more heartily desire to promote than I do,—that which is produced by

raising the lower classes. Booksellers and printers find it worth while now to publish for a grade of customers which they deemed ten years ago beneath their consideration. Good must result from this in many ways; and could we but hope or dream of any thing like long peace, we might dream of seeing England in a state of intellectual culture and internal prosperity such as no country has ever before attained. But all the elements of discord are at work; and though I am one of the last men to despair, yet I have no hope of living to see the end of the troubles which must ere long break out, —the fruits of this accursed Catholic question, let it now take what course it may."

What would he have said had he lived to witness what we this day witness; when the Pope on one side and the Communists on the other, promulgate their manifestoes for the subjugation of mankind? What between the Tiara and the Red Cap, which he equally detested and feared, we fancy all his hopefulness would have given way to dread and despair. We have already noticed his idea for counteracting the evils of the newspaper press politically, and we have also a notion touching the bookselling:—

"It is evident (he says) that the constant hostility of newspapers and journals must act upon an author's reputation, like continued rain upon grass which is intended to be cut for hay; it beats it to the ground and ruins the harvest, though the root may remain unharmed. Booksellers, if they understand their own interest, ought to counteract this."

How? is not stated.

Elsewhere he writes amusingly:—

"The commonwealth of Readingdom is divided into many independent circles. Novel and trash readers make by much the largest of the communities; I think the religious public rank next in numbers; then perhaps come those who affect poetry: history is read by those only who are desirous of information, and of these very few like to have it at length, or indeed can afford time for it. But in every generation there are some."

A curious portrait of Barry, the painter, is conveyed to Allan Cunningham, with whom Southey was always on the kindest and most friendly terms, and perhaps in this letter (Keswick, July 23, 1829) exaggerated a little the merits of the *Lives of the Painters*, on which Allan was then engaged. He says:—

"I wish I could tell you anything which might be found useful in your succeeding volumes. I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. 'No,' he said, 'he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.' In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho-square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed and

in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.

"I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had with much persuasion been induced to pass night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing.

"He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect.

"There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester-square who did. But this he said was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them."*

In a letter dated August 6th, he writes to Henry Taylor:—

"Lockhart tells me my paper upon Portugal has had the rare fortune of pleasing all parties; I looked at it therefore to find out what there was wrong in it, but I could not discover. He asks for a similar paper upon Spain, but cannot have it; because much that is true of one country is true of the other, and because I am not so thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Concerning Portugal no other foreigner can know so much; concerning Spain many may know more.

"It is well for me that I like reviewing well enough to feel nothing irksome in the employment; but as life shortens on me I cannot help sometimes regretting that so large a share of the little which is left, must continue so to be employed, till the last."

And to Dr. Gooch:—

"As for the political economists, no words can express the thorough contempt which I feel for them. They discard all moral considerations from their philosophy, and in their practice they have no compassion for flesh and blood."

And to Mr. John May:—

"My third volume of the War is in the press, and my hand has been only taken from it for a short interval, that I might do the needful work of reviewing, by which alone does it seem practicable for me to keep clear with the world. I have written for the *London Review* a short, but very interesting account of Lucretia Davidson, an American poetess, killed, like Kirke White, by over-excitement, in her seventeenth year. It is a most affecting story. There have been three papers of mine in that work; in the first, second, and fifth numbers; and, as they promise that there shall be no farther delay in payment, I should not like to withdraw from it."*

"I might be paid at the same rate for Sharpe's *London Magazine*; but, when that was converted into a magazine, it passed from the hands of Allan Cunningham into those of Theodore Hook and Dr. M'Ginn, with neither of whom did I wish to associate myself."

And now for the pet medicine of our day—cod-liver oil—hear what Southey says of it, twenty years ago:—

"If your lumboago be severe, I can tell you that at Yarmouth cod-liver oil taken internally used to be considered as a specific for that complaint; but in what quantity taken I cannot tell."*

"The march of intellect has had an odd effect upon Sharon Turner. He thinks past history is likely to attract so little attention in future, and

carry with it so little interest, that he advised me to begin my series of British Biography with Sir Wm. Temple! A few steps more in the march and we shall have to begin the history of philosophy with Jeremy Bentham, and the history of England with Joseph Hume; and the history of literature with the foundation of the London University.

* * * *

"I should like to know a great deal more of Denmark than I can gather from books; there is no later book than Lord Molesworth's that gives me any satisfaction, and in that there is very much wanting. Coxe is, as he always was, dry and dull; giving only the *caput mortuum* of what information he had gathered, which was generally from the most accessible authorities, when it did not consist of statistic details. Later travellers tell us a great deal more of Sweden. I want to know why Denmark is a poor country, the people being industrious, and the government neither oppressive nor wasteful."

Of Bishop Heber:—

"I dare say it will generally be felt that Mrs. Heber's book does not support the pretensions which its title, and still more its appearance, seems to hold forth."*

"He was a man of great reading, and in his Bampton Lectures has treated a most important part of the Christian faith with great learning and ability. His other published sermons are such, that I am not surprised my brother Henry should think him the most impressive preacher he ever heard.

"As a poet he could not have supported the reputation which his Palestine obtained; for it was greatly above its deserts, and the character of the poem, moreover, was not hopeful; it was too nicely fitted to the taste of the age. Poetry should have its lights and shades, like painting; like music, its sink and swell, its relief and its repose. So far as the piece was intended for success in a competition for a prize, and for effect in public recitation, it was certainly judiciously done to make every line tell upon the ear. But to all such poetry the motto under one of Quarles's Emblems may be applied, 'tinnit inane est.'"

With these miscellaneous extracts we shall for the present conclude, reserving a few more intimate matters for another *Gazette*.

SUMMARY.

An "Examination of Calvinism," &c. By the Rev. W. Houghton. Second Edition. Cleaver. Our theological libraries abound with acute and learned treatises on Calvinism, and the metaphysical questions so intimately connected with it; and *Whitby on the Five Points*, formerly the text-book on the controversy, and certainly a work of great originality and research, in spite of its involved and obscure style, and tiresome and endless repetitions; Bishop Tomline's refutation, and Mr. Faber denying the fundamental doctrine of baptismal regeneration, may all be referred to by the inquisitive. The author of the present volume proposes to prove that Calvinism is contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture; but since both sides appeal to its decision, it becomes necessary to inquire what must be our guide to the understanding of its meaning. Having laid down the position that the church is the appointed interpreter of the Word of God, he in the preliminary chapter exhibits the teaching of the church in all ages in regard to the subject in dispute, and proves that neither the Eastern nor the Western Churches had by their councils given any authoritative sanction to the predestinarian system. The unanimous teaching of the Fathers (with the exception of St. Augustine) is also shown to be opposed to it. From a review of the decisions of the Councils, and of the individual opinions of the Fathers, he then deduces four fundamental doctrines which have always been held in the Church,

and proposes them as our safeguard against error in the interpretation of Scripture respecting the controversy, and finally declares the predestinarian system to be utterly destitute of any claim to be considered of apostolic authority.

Salvation. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Salvation is a sermon preached by the learned and eloquent author of *Apocalyptic Sketches*, at the parish church of Crathie, before the Queen, during her Majesty's recent sojourn in the Highlands. Its form and nature preclude us from doing more than embodying its title in our columns for the information of our readers.

The Appendix to Vols. I. and II. of the Moral System, or Law of Human Nature. By G. J. Vincent. 8vo. Parker.

THAT the reason of human nature is 'a direction to what is right, and cannot, and does not, direct man to what is wrong,' is the grand argument in this work, advanced as the most novel on account of its distinctness. The style is rather involved; but the author is deeply in earnest, and the subject worthy of employing the most searching metaphysical minds.

Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation. By John Wilson. Whitfield.

A SECOND and enlarged edition of a work much wanted, since not one person in ten thousand, nor one author in a hundred, knows anything really to the purpose about the subject of which it treats. One of our ancient contributors, of whom we used to beg some attention to it in his MSS., used to retort, "Do you take your servant for a dog?—I am not a pointer!" and if it were not for inextricable confusion in private correspondence and in some intended for publication, we should be content to leave the matter in the hands of good printers. As it is, we recommend this volume, with its examples and exercises, to all writers.

Introductory Address at the Theatre of Anatomy and Medicine adjoining St. George's Hospital Session 1850-1. By E. Lankester, M.D., &c. Tyler.

We last week, in referring to a similar medical production, offered a few words on the importance of, and the love and respect due to, the medical profession, when pursued with its proper attributes of liberality, skill, and humanity. Dr. Lankester has ably enforced views of the same nature; but besides inculcating the high principles and earnest labours, without which a young man had better learn to be a tailor than try to be a 'Doctor,' his lecture is of great scientific value and general interest.

Masters and Servants; a Dramatic Exposé. By R. Reynolds. Churton.

Two bad servants in a nobleman's family conspire to oust a good one, but he turns the tables on them, and the mystery on which they venture to build their accusations happens to be most honourable to his character. There is no literary merit.

School Series. Edited by the Rev. G. A. Gleig, M.A. First Book of History. England. Longmans.

THE first of a series of school-books edited by the Inspector General of Military Schools, intended, "if it be well received, to be followed by others upon a similar plan." The object of the editor is that the merest elementary instruction should be so given as to convey actual knowledge; that the words which the child is taught to spell should communicate truths more important than that 'the cat mews' and 'the dog barks.' We heartily commend Mr. Gleig's design. Much power is wasted by the present system, for no greater mental effort is necessary to enable a child to acquire some notion of the history of his country, or of any other branch of knowledge, than to learn the invaluable truths referred to in the passage we have quoted from the preface.

* We could point to the finest portrait he ever executed, and which should be in the National Gallery. He did it in one of his angry fits, to show that he could paint as well as Rembrandt in his own style, and it is a masterly performance.—ED. L. G.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

INTRODUCTION.

MAN'S advance in civilization is marked by the victories which he achieves over nature. The material creation was perfected ere yet man had being; and when he arose in all the greatness of his intelligence, the possessor of a world of beautiful mysteries, the command that he received from his Maker was, to *subdue* it, and to hold dominion over every living thing.

By the efforts of thought alone is the supremacy of man maintained,—by the active labours of the mind is it advanced; and when his baser passions have driven him to the assertion of temporal power by the exercise of brute force, he has ever lost his vantage ground, and rapidly fallen in the scale of intellectuality.

Man cannot create, but he can employ every thing which is created. Man has no power to move a particle of matter in opposition to the physical laws by which it is controlled, but, by acting in obedience to these laws, he can bend every form of matter to his will. Man, diligently evoking the truths of nature, gains power, and obtains a mastery by which every element may be subdued. He learns a truth—it may be a very abstract truth, apparently without any marketable value,—but that fact new to man's knowledge works—it may be silently and slowly—and eventually it is applied to some useful purpose ministering to the wants of humanity, or increasing the amenities of life.

Such is the philosophy of human progress; the advance of man, and the improvement of his condition have ever been regulated by the extent to which he has cultivated habits of observation, and restrained his volant powers by some well-considered system—some science of method.

By the experience of the past we are guided through the present, and obtain prophetic glimpses of the future. Every application of a natural law, every appropriation of the material creation, which man has achieved, has been a stave added to the ladder by which he has climbed to a higher earthly state; and by the improvement of his knowledge of the finite, he has advanced to a more exalted conception of the Infinite.

The worth of knowledge cannot be estimated. In the steam-engine, propelling the mighty ship across the Atlantic, or dragging the train of railway carriages, with bird-like speed, along the iron road, and in the electric telegraph, which enables nations wide a-sunder to whisper to each other, we see its fruits; but we know not how far, beyond these wondrous modern applications, we may be advanced by its power.

By the education of the mind the man is improved,—he becomes a better member of society in all his relations; and by the improvement of man individually, he is, in his collective condition, made more perfect; and the State itself rises proudly, by the might of its intelligence, more grand and sovereign among the nations.

Men have sometimes guessed at truth, but generally their guesses have, like arrows fired in the dark, gone far astray. In the eventful history of humanity, we may discover many sad examples of individuals and communities who have wasted lives in guessing at the truth, and never reaching it. They disdained the humble toil of carefully gathering up the little facts which lay around them, and mounting on waxen wings into the region of cloud, they were either lost in the gloom of mysticism, or they fell prostrate and powerless back to that earth whose teachings they had rejected.

From these we should learn the lesson, that to rise we must climb; and we must not forget, that in his task of mental climbing we have, almost always, to carve every notch in the tree of knowledge, by which we lift ourselves towards its fruit,

The efforts of an individual, especially as society is constituted, must necessarily be very limited; but many individual efforts, directed to the same end, multiply into a great power, by which much may be achieved. That unity is strength has become a proverb among nations; and it is equally so in the mental, as it is in the muscular powers of mankind. To improve ourselves we must learn from one another, and whether it be an individual or a nation who glories in isolation, we may discover equally a stagnation of all progressive power, and a gradual recession into the slough of selfish ignorance.

With this view we hail the gathering together of the WORKS OF ALL NATIONS as an event in the World's History. Former gatherings of the people of which we read were mostly for ignoble ends; but now the assembly is to be for the high purpose of celebrating the works of peace, and proclaiming the industry of the civilized world.

The idea was a grand one, and many feared that it could not become a reality. For so vast a thought the machinery appeared insufficient, from its complexity, and we hesitated not to express, in common with others of an order to form a fair opinion, that the design was too vast to be properly organized and fulfilled under existing circumstances. We see now, by the rapid growth of its 'local habitation,' that the 'name' of the 'Great Exhibition of Industry' must become the heading of a chapter of British history. We rejoice in the progress which has been made; and we desire to lend our aid to advance a gathering which, if properly METHODISED, must prove instructive to every visitor.

England has sent forth an invitation to the world, and the East and the West, the North and the far South have accepted the invitation. Some have called this invitation 'a challenge'; we view it in no such light—we cannot but deem it unfortunate that it should be so considered, and the impression that it is so, should be removed as speedily as possible. The mind that conceived the idea of gathering into a focus all the efforts of human handicraft—of bringing together the works of ingenuity, and the specimens of laborious industry—never contemplated that low rivalry which a challenge would imply. Prince Albert, in throwing the weight of his position forward in advocacy of this immense scheme, desired only that men should meet as brothers, and learn of one another. He saw that England and English manufacturers had much to learn; and he failed not to perceive that manufacturing Britain could repay the knowledge gleaned from other lands, by imparting solid facts, and giving them practical examples, which would be as valuable as the information her industrial population might obtain. The world saw the advantages to be derived from such an exhibition; and to this must be attributed the zeal with which the civilized portions of the four quarters of the globe have responded to the gathering cry. The fear expressed by some, that the superiority of manufacturing England is to suffer by comparison with like manufactures from other lands, argues a want of confidence in British skill. The desire to excel—natural feeling—will of course prevail on every hand, and actuate equally the producers of every country. But why should one nation, eminent in manufacture, be sore, because she could not excel another in design? The great advantage to be derived by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom from this Exhibition is, that it will teach them their deficiencies, and thus open the road to improvement. Already its benefits are becoming visible; manufacturers of reputation had, like the Chinese of old, declared themselves perfect, and they cared not to move: slowly, however, have they been awakened from their complacent repose to find the world is moving. They have felt there was a curse ever clinging to standing still, and now they are up and doing.

Committed as England is to this undertaking, every manufacturer is bound to contribute; indeed, for his own sake this is now important, for the foreign merchant will take the Exhibition catalogue in his hand, and he will be directed for his purchases to that house which most fully illustrated his wants on this occasion.

Although we desire to subdue, as far as it is practical, any spirit of unkind rivalry, still we desire to see our own countrymen distinguishing themselves in this 'pass' of industry, as they have of yore done in friendly *passes of arms*; and we say to all, in the lines of Addison—

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

From these introductory remarks, our views of the 'philosophy,' so to speak, of the Great Exhibition of 1851 may be gathered, and our intention is to profit by the opportunity. The impulsive power of Great Britain is trade. With our commerce we have embraced the world; but to maintain our position among nations, we have to yoke Science and Literature to our car. We must continue to look to Nature for the development of new truths; and we must solicit Literature to make those fine deductions for us, which become almost as inspirations to the ordinary mind. By these aids, new sources of commercial industry will be opened up, and both home and foreign trade will be successfully pursued.

Such an opportunity as that of the Great Exhibition has never been offered to any people in the world's history. Never before have all nations poured into the lap of one, the finest specimens of their industrial arts; and if the inhabitants of our honoured land do not profit by this trust in our truth, they deserve to retrograde: but of this we have no fear.

While calling upon our countrymen who follow trade to do their duty in this work, we, who walk humbly in the train of literature and science, would not willingly fail to draw all the advantages possible from the occasion. It is therefore our intention to devote several columns every week to the progress of this Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. We design to give a clear but succinct history of its origin and progress up to the present time. We hope to do this in all honesty of purpose, and although we shall not scruple to express our opinions with all freedom, where we conceive the managers of this great design have been at fault, we should be sorry if any word of ours should be received as a personal reflection. Men will err, and sometimes from excess of zeal they will go wrong. Such errors we may point out, but they will be no reflection on that honesty of purpose which we believe is actuating all. We have spoken of the complexity of the machinery. There may have been causes which rendered it expedient to create such. If so, it is a sad reflection on the littleness of even the exalted of humankind. We may be mistaken, but it is our belief that so true a thing might have been thrown, "like bread upon the waters, to be found after many days," without any wooing of this man, or yielding to the poor caprices of that one. But it has been done—the great design prospers—and we purpose to give unity to our report thereof, by adopting such a method of classification as will enable us to present to our readers a full and correct view of all that may be contained within the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. We shall describe all that is known of the Natural Phenomena of each specimen of the raw material,—the mode by which it is rendered available for the useful purposes of life,—and endeavour to give a correct description of the various kinds of manufacture to which each particular object may be applied.

In doing this we hope to render the columns of the *Literary Gazette* of interest to every visitor to the Exhibition, as pointing out to him, week after week, some striking feature which may not be manifested in the casual survey, and to compile an inductive history, of a great realization of the applications of Science, from which deductions may be drawn, to lead to still further advances in Industrial Art.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SNAIL TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I read with much interest the letter of your French Correspondent, in last week's *Gazette*. The question appears to me one which can be very easily set at rest, without disclosing the secret of the invention, if the *Presse* newspaper will every day for a few weeks give a short abstract of contemporary American news, or indeed mention any points of prominent interest which occur on the other side of the Atlantic; thus anticipating by some weeks the ordinary mails. And if, when these arrive, the news given by the snail telegraph is confirmed, doubts will vanish and snails will be at a premium. If such a simple expedient is not resorted to, the public will be sceptical, notwithstanding the philosophy of mineral, galvanic, sympathetic, or magnetic fluids.—Yours, &c.

X.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL RECONCILIATION.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, October 29th, 1850.

SIR,—There is a suggestion thrown out in your last number of which I approve highly. It is evident that the councils of the two archaeological bodies, so long at variance, will never make a reconciliation, and I think the time is come when the members of each may well throw off their allegiance to two councils which attend so little to their wishes or the interests of science. I can speak from a very extensive knowledge, and assure you that there is a general feeling of dissatisfaction at the way in which this question of reunion has been treated, quite as much among the members of the Institute as among those of the Association, and they all look upon themselves as being sacrificed to the personal motives of two or three people at the head. Every member of the Institute that I have conversed with speaks with unmixed disgust of the Institute's advertisement, which, as appears by Lord Northampton's account, was got up and published by Mr. Way, and one or two persons, without his Lordship's privy. I agree with you, that it is most desirable that the names of those who passed that resolution should be made known to the members in general. The statement published by the Association council shows, I think, that both councils acted with sufficient coldness in the matter; whoever drew it up seems mainly anxious to throw the responsibility on the letters of Mr. Wright, in your *Journal*, and to get quietly out of it. There is, sir, a good old constitutional method of checking arbitrary government, that of stopping the supplies. If the members on both sides would refuse to pay their subscriptions till the two councils had agreed to unite, the quarrel would soon be settled; or, according to your own suggestion, which comes nearly to the same thing, let the members of the two societies join together, and go on working in unity under another head, and leave the two councils to go on by themselves as they like.—I remain, yours, &c.

F. S. A.

SHAKSPERE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

1, Hyde Park Place, Oct. 30, 1850.

SIR,—Is it possible that in the nineteenth century, and next year expecting a visit from the *élite* of all nations, that they can nowhere behold in our vast and wealthy metropolis any public monument to our immortal bard?—they may look upon those reared to crowned heads, heroes, and statesmen, but they will ask in vain for such a demonstration to the poet of all time.

Our continental neighbours have honoured those distinguished in arts, science, and literature, and even in poor Scotland we have a monument to Scott, Watt, and others; it is true, the house the

* On this question, so interesting to the preservation of British Antiquities and further development of the newly-aroused spirit of research, our motto is *Audi aceram partem*.—ED. L. G.

bard resided in is preserved and hallowed, but, shame upon us as Englishmen, not to have reared a stupendous public monument, worthy of the genius that fills the world with wonder and delight!

Pray, sir, rouse the public mind upon this subject; let every lover of his country, every admirer of him who held the mirror up to nature, subscribe his mite; let all ranks unite, and rescue us as a nation from this unpardonable neglect, and prove that we are proud of being born in the land of Shakspere. No one will be more ready to assist in carrying out this grand work, which I hope to see matured, than, sir, yours, &c.

JOHN LAURIE.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

November 5th.—Robert Brown, Esq., President, in the chair. This being the first night of the session, the attendance of members and their friends was very numerous; and the time of the meeting was chiefly occupied in recording the numerous donations of books received during the recess. Mr. W. W. Saunders exhibited a species of *Cyclamen*, collected in the neighbourhood of Hastings, which he suspected to be new to the British flora. A paper was read on the Ternstroemiacous plants of Hong-kong, by Captain Champion, including species of *Camellia*, *Gardenia*, *Pentaphylax*, &c., many of which were new. Captain Champion has just arrived from Hong-kong, not only with seeds, which have been liberally distributed among the Royal Gardens of Kew, and nurseries, and private horticulturists, but with a valuable herbarium, and drawings of the flora of that interesting country. Two new species of Coleopterous insects of the genus *Cerapterus* were described by Mr. Westwood, from the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, collected by M. Verreaux in Van Dieman's Land. A fine collection of fruits was exhibited by Mr. Ralph, from the neighbourhood of Aurungabad, of the genera *Luffa*, *Argyrea*, *Hakea*, *Elate*, &c., including those of the tamarind tree, the betel-nut palm, the fan palm, and the lotus, or sacred bean of the Ganges. The nuts of the lotus vegetate in the form of a cornucopia, and breaking loose from their confinement, take root in the mud. This mode of propagation has led to the plant being regarded with religious veneration in India, where it has long formed a conspicuous figure in the mythology of that ancient country. In the Council Room, a painting from Sikkim-Himalaya was exhibited, representing Dr. Hooker and his Lepcha attendants collecting rhododendrons. A subscription is being formed, privately, for the purpose of engraving the picture, as a compliment to Dr. Hooker, on the occasion of his return to England; and as the profits, which are already accumulating, are to be handed over to the Linnean Society, we may announce that the names of subscribers are received in the Library. We trust that the Council of the Linnean Society will make an effort this session to publish some of their communications *in extenso*. It is now three years since any part of 'Transactions' appeared, and nearly two years since several valuable memoirs were printed, which are still waiting for publication. We hope the Society's funds are not being all absorbed in rent. The President should look to this. So much as the Linnean Society is respected, we cannot but think that it would answer to publish an Illustrated Quarterly Journal, after the plan of those issued by its more spirited allies, the Geological and Zoological Societies.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 6th.—Sir Charles Lyell, President, in the chair. The session commenced with the usual full attendance of members. The following communications were read:—1. "On the Microscopical Structure of the Calcareous Grit of Yorkshire," by H. C. Sorby, Esq., F.G.S. The author found that

on dissolving calcareous grit in hydrochloric acid, there were obtained fragments of agatized shells, and a quantity of arenaceous matter; the latter comprising minute agatized bodies more or less reniform in shape, and siliceous sand. When slices of this grit are examined under the microscope, both with and without the aid of polarized light, similar reniform bodies are apparent, composed wholly, or in part, of crystallized carbonate of lime, and some that are nearly empty of contents. These reniform bodies average about $\frac{1}{100}$ th inch in length, and form about 20 per cent. of grit, when the latter does not contain many large fragments of shells. According to the author's computation, there are about three millions in a cubic inch of the rock. Some of these minute bodies appear to have been ruptured, and foreign matter has been introduced into the interior, and there so disposed as clearly to indicate the former existence of an exterior shell, which would have been about $\frac{1}{1000}$ th inch in thickness. The author suggests that possibly these bodies were the shells of foraminifera, the majority of which have been filled with calcareous or siliceous infiltrations in the same manner as the chambers of the ammonites which are found in this rock. Besides these reniform bodies, the author described the remains of minute cellular zoophytes, spicules of sponges, and traces of algae that he had observed in the grit.

Speaking of minute inorganic substances, Sir C. Lyell remarked that he had lately examined, in company with Professor Ehrenberg, at Berlin, some exceedingly fine Egyptian sand, the blowings of the desert, when it was discovered that every atom, under the microscope, with the aid of polarized light, was perfect six-sided crystal.

2. "On the Porphyry of Belgium," and "On the Rose-coloured Syenite of Egypt," by Professor A. Delesse.

4. "The Schistose Rocks of the Forez, in France, shown to be of the Carboniferous Age," by Sir Roderick Murchison, G.C.St.S., V.P.R.S., &c. The chain of the Forez, forming the eastern boundary of the Limagne d'Auvergne, is for the most part composed of schists of a crystalline aspect, hitherto considered primary and unfossiliferous; but in its northern portion, the hills on the banks of the Sichon, north of Cusset, there are other discovered organic remains. These fossils are of the carboniferous age, since they include a spinose *Productus* and a trilobite of the genus *Phillipsia*, with other forms which are unknown in the Devonian and Silurian systems. The schists, in which this course of limestone occurs, had been subjected to much flexure, fracture, and alteration, by the intrusion of the porphyry and greenstone, the intensity of such changes increasing from north to south, in proportion as the igneous masses became more dominant. (Ferrière to Thiers.) The Tarare, a parallel and similarly constituted chain lying further eastward, has been previously shown by M. Regny to be of the same epoch; and Sir Roderick entertains the idea that some of the so-called primary schists on the western side of the Limagne d'Auvergne will, under careful scrutiny, prove to be lower palaeozoic deposits which have been metamorphosed. The author concludes by asserting that, with the evidences now gathered together from various regions, neither the high inclination or fractures of such strata as those under consideration, nor their unconformability to other and overlying deposits, can any longer be admitted as indications of their age. Ancient as they appear, the schists of the Forez are simply of the same date as the mountain limestone of Britain. Now, in this country, the limestone is conformably connected with great overlying coal-fields; whilst in Franconia, Bohemia, and parts of France, there has been a fracture, accompanied by the outburst of much igneous matter between these lower and upper members. Hence, some foreign writers, who classify by physical outlines, had supposed that the inclined and the horizontal strata could not belong

* If in time, this is certainly an excellent hint.—ED. L. G.

to one and the same epoch. Yet such, Sir Roderick contends, is the case, and he adduces the above example from the Forez as an addition to many proofs he has previously given, to demonstrate that all dislocations of the crust of the earth were local phenomena, which did not change, still less obliterate, the then existing types of life. Lines of upheaval and dislocation, and all such purely physical data, are therefore rejected by him, as a basis of classification of the sedimentary deposits, which must be founded on the distribution of life. On the other hand, he directed attention to a point that he had formerly developed, that one of the most marked and general changes in the races which inhabited the ancient surface, is that which occurs between the youngest Palaeozoic or Permian system, and the lowest secondary rocks or Trias; although these systems, thus entirely dissociated by their respective animals, lie in conformable apposition to each other, and have not been physically separated by any violent disruption.

OXYGEN, MAGNETIC.

MR. FARADAY, at the last monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, announced to the members present his discovery (the subject of a paper sent in to the Royal Society) that oxygen is magnetic, that this property of the gas is affected by heat, and that he believes the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle to be due to the action of solar heat on this newly discovered characteristic of oxygen—the important constituent of the atmosphere.

We do not mean to give the above as the terms of Faraday's announcement, or as the exact facts of the conclusions drawn from his last experimental researches, but only as a foreshadowing of the new results and views of one of our most eminent British philosophers. We must add, however, that Bequerel also has recently directed attention to a somewhat similar conclusion; he communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that oxygen is magnetic in relation to the other gases, as iron is to the rest of the metals, and inferred that it is probable or possible (we have not the paper by us to refer to) that diurnal variation may be connected with this property of oxygen.

LIST OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR 1850-51.

We are happy to find, from various letters we have received, that our plan of announcing at the commencement of the season, the arrangements for the meetings of the several Societies, has met with very general approbation. We subjoin a continuation to the list contained in our last Number.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

November 21, 28. (Anniversary) Nov. 30.	April 3, 10. May 1, 8, 15, 22.
December 5, 12, 19.	June (Election of Fellows—no Evening Meeting) 5.
January 9, 16, 23, 30.	June 19.
February 6, 13, 20, 27.	
March 6, 13, 20, 27.	

Business will commence at half-past eight o'clock precisely, except on the Anniversary.

THE EPHÉMÉRIDE SOCIÉTÉ—AT 8 P.M.

November 13.	March 19.
December 11.	April 16.
January 15.	May 21.
February 12.	June 18.

THE NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

November 28.	March 27.
December 19.	April 10.
January 23.	May 22.
February 27.	

Business will commence at 7 o'clock. The Annual Meeting will be held June 26, at 7 o'clock.

THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

November 15.	April 5.
December 7.	May 3.
January 4, 18.	" (Anniversary) 17.
February 1, 15.	June 21.
March 1, 15.	July 5.

The chair is taken at 2 o'clock p.m., precisely.

THE SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Business will commence at 7½ p.m.

November 12.	March 11.
December 10.	April 8.
January 14.	May 13.
February 11.	June 10.

Annuversary Meeting, April 22.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.

November 25.	March 31.
December 30.	April 28.
January 27.	May 26.
February 24.	June 30.

The chair will be taken at 7 o'clock p.m., precisely.

The meetings of the General Committee of the Royal Literary Fund will be held on the following Wednesdays:

November 13.	April 9.
December 11.	May 14.
January 8.	June 11.
February 12.	July 9.

Mar. 12 (Gen. Meeting). The chair will be taken at 3 o'clock, except at the General Meeting.

The Anniversary Dinner will take place on May 14.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, October 30th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Master of Arts.—W. C. Badger, Queens' College.
Bachelor of Arts.—H. Proby, Trinity College.
Admission ad cunctum gradum.—E. Oldfield, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 8½ p.m. (Capt. R. Fitz-Roy, R.N., F.R.G.S., on the Isthmus of Central America—Recent Arctic Operations).

Tuesday.—Zoological, 9 p.m. (Professor Owen, F.R.S., V.P., on the Cranium and Beak of one of the Gigantic Birds of New Zealand (*Palapteryx ingens*).—Gideon A. Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., on the Discovery by Mr. Walter Mantell, in the middle Island of New Zealand, of the *Nothurus*, a bird hitherto unknown to naturalists, except in a fossil state.—H. E. Strickland, Esq., on the Birds of Kordofan.—And other papers.) Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.

Wednesday.—Ethnological, 8 p.m. (Dr. Camps on the Chinese).

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 p.m.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

INDIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

Royal Asiatic Society.—Bombay, 19 September.—

The principal business of this meeting was Dr. Wilson's Supplement Paper on the Cave Temples and Monasteries, &c., of Western India. These Buddhist, Brahmanical, and Jaina remains of structural temples in different parts of the country appear to be coeval with the excavated temples, both Buddhist and Brahmanical. One of these, situated in the Taluka of Kalian, is particularly described, and is decidedly of a Shaiva character, though much injured by violence, and desecrated. This shows that the form of the old religion has been changed. In this temple is a Trimurti, or three-headed Shiva—symbol of Creation, Preservation, and Destruction—yet embracing in its Unity of *Parati* the spouse of Shiva. The figure is very grotesque and monstrous, with multiple heads, breasts ornamented with something like clerical bands, skeleton legs, and an enormous nose.

Some remarkable Buddhist caves, with a *Chaitya*, in Khandesh, have been visited by Lieut. J. Rose, and found to resemble those at Ajanta, and Mr. Rose writes:

"The arched roof and pillars covered with paintings of human figures, &c., are just the same. The figures are very distinct in many instances, and women and men seem to be mixed. There is nothing about them unchaste, and in general they have circles, or what are sometimes called 'glories,' round their heads, similar to those given in the fancied representation of our Saviour."

"One drawing struck me particularly, in which a female is represented with long ringlets, just as

ladies sometimes dress their hair in our own time. This figure was quite fair, and yet close to it was a very dark female likeness, of the Habse cast of features, with very black curly hair.

"The stone here was much more brittle than at Ajanta or Elora, and consequently some of the pillars are broken, and the excavators failed in their attempt to represent arched rafters, as they succeeded in doing at Ajanta for the same reason.

"The other three caves here are, in fact, nearly blocked up, from the rock falling down from above; one of them, however, on your descending into it over the fragments of rock, is in tolerable preservation, though none of them appear to have been quite completed; as is also the case at Razah and Ajanta. Where the rock had given way before the chisel, the masons had neatly substituted stone, and this is the case at Razah, as I observed,—or rather Colonel Twemlow did.

"In the painted cave the paintings are done over a coating of chunam.

"The only sculptures are two or three representations of elephants, tigers, bullocks, and deer or goats, cut out in small dimensions back to back, like our lion and unicorn. There may have been other sculptures and inscriptions, but if there ever were, they have disappeared into the ravine below, as the rock is constantly giving way.

"These caves, the guide, an old man, said were never visited by a Sahib before, though Marathas and even Brahmins come to see them and bathe in the river below. While I was there it began to thunder and grow cloudy, and I got a ducking, but I do not regret my visit to the Popolow, and should like to repeat it. I am going to try if there are any more caves in the hills, of which we have not heard. I wonder how it is that none have been found in Satpuda yet. No natives of this country could, I think, have drawn the cave paintings. The Greeks or Italians must have helped them; and indeed at Elora there is a woman's figure cut out in stone, of such fair proportions as to show it is the work of an artist quite superior to those who executed the bulk of the unwieldy figures there. In the new caves I am alluding to, there is a neatness in the little sculptures I have mentioned."

"These interesting notes of Mr. Rose," Dr. Wilson observed, "do not throw any light on the comparative age of these Buddhist excavations. It would be well if the paintings which bring to light could be speedily copied.

"The explanation of the peculiarities of the female figures which are noticed, is not difficult.

"As the Buddhist religion in the ages of its glory prevailed not only throughout India, but throughout the countries lying to the north of its boundaries, and beyond the Indian Caucasus and Tartary and Tibet, its Buddhas and Dhyāna Buddhas, and their female productions or associates, the Dhyāni Bodhisattwas, are frequently represented as attended by devotees and servitors of varied clans and colour. Buddha himself and the Dhyāni Buddhas and Bodhi Satwas in their typical form, as seen in India, Nepal, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Pegue, China, and Tartary, are depicted and sculptured with curly hair and rather large lips, which the Buddhists, according to a strange taste, enumerate among the points of beauty. Mr. Hodgson, of Nepal, when examining the learned priest whose answers form the substance of his most interesting and highly valued *Sketch of Buddhism*, put to him the question, 'What is the reason for Buddha being represented with curled locks?' and received the following answer, 'Adi Buddhu was never seen. He is merely light.' But in the pictures of Kairochan and the other Buddhas we have the curled hair; and since in the limbs and organs we discriminate thirty-two (*lakshana*) points of beauty,—such as expansion of forehead, blackness of the eyes, roundness of the head, elevation of the nose, and archness of the eyebrows—so also the having curled locks is one of the points of beauty; and there is no other reason for Buddhas having been

represented with curled locks. Mr. Hodgson adds in a note, 'This is the true solution of a circumstance which has caused much idle speculation, though the notion is no doubt an odd one for a sect which insists on tonsure.' The colours of the five Dhyanis are as follows:—Kairochana's appropriate colour is white, Ahsobya's blue, Ratna Sambhava's yellow or golden, Amiralha's red, and Amogha Siddha's green. Those of their respective Bodhi Satwas are correspondent.

"It is to be hoped that Mr. Rose will be able to explore a considerable part of the Satpuda range, which has hitherto been much neglected. The connexion with it from time immemorial of the Aboriginal Bhils, who have submitted neither to Brahmanism nor Buddhism, but who have so long preserved the Turcoman worship of ghosts and demons, is no reason why we should not expect to find within it considerable numbers of Buddhists."

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Monday, as we anticipated in our several preceding notices, Mr. Eastlake was elected President of the Academy, twenty-eight votes being recorded, by thirty Academicians present, in his favour. Mr. Hook was elected an associate. It seems but fitting that the President should be a painter, as thirty-two of the body belong to that branch of the Fine Arts, whilst there are only four sculptors and four architects among them. The keeper, Mr. Jones, adhered to his title, and kept his place.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

THE first meeting of the season took place on Monday, at the Institute rooms, Lower Grosvenor Street, Mr. Fowler, V.P. (in the absence of Earl de Grey, President) in the chair. Mr. Fowler alluded to the approaching Exhibition of 1851, as of great interest to the Society, in bringing hither many of their foreign associates and correspondents, to whom he hoped they would be able to give a becoming reception. Mr. Donaldson, secretary, spoke of the Lord Mayor's show, and expressed his hope that the pageant would be conducted with more taste than for many years past, during which unmeaning character and barbarism had prevailed. Mr. James Bell read a paper, illustrated by drawings, "On the Remains of the Architecture of the Roman Provinces."

Anatomical Lectures.—The Professor of Anatomy has announced a series of six lectures at the Royal Academy, which will be delivered in the course of November and December.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Thursday.

I HAVE another extraordinary discovery to announce to you this week, but it is one much less astounding than that of instantaneous communication by means of snails, mentioned in my last. *The secret of navigating balloons has at last been found.* In the Hippodrome yesterday, a watchmaker, named Julien, exhibited to several gentlemen of the press and scientific men, a balloon of his invention, in the form of a clumsily-built sort of fish, which he sent *against* the wind, caused to perform semi-circles—in a word, made it proceed in any direction the spectators thought fit to indicate. The balloon was only a model, it is true; but that it went against the wind in the open air is an undoubted fact; and the inventor stated—what seems perfectly reasonable to suppose—that it only requires its size to be increased to carry any weight.

The model was constructed of gold-beater's skin, and was about four yards long. Near the head, which terminates in a point, were two little wings, which were moved by an apparatus something similar to clock work, or that of a turning spit; and this apparatus is set going, not by steam, but by

muscular power. The balloon is thus driven on, and it is guided by two rudders, one vertical, the other horizontal, which are also moved at will by men to be stationed in the car. The apparatus altogether is simple and ingenious. The balloon is, of course, filled with gas. There was no car yesterday, but the apparatus was attached by net work, and the inventor had duly provided for the reception of ballast, so as to rise or descend at will.*

Although it is well known that two of the most eminent statesmen of France—M. Guizot and M. Thiers—are her most distinguished authors, there are few, I believe, who are aware that they both *début* in the literary career by criticisms on the Fine Arts. For some years the former published a series of articles on the exhibitions of the Louvre, which were remarkable both for artistic knowledge and literary *verve*: the latter also published in 1810 a pamphlet on the exhibition in the Louvre, which excited great sensation—more, however, from its having a political tendency than for its critical importance. The political bearing was remarked in a laboured effort to disparage David, the favourite painter of Napoleon, and to exalt all the artists of whom Napoleon disapproved, or who were notoriously hostile to him on political grounds. On the whole, however, M. Guizot's incubation gave no promise of the eminence he was destined to attain in other walks of literature, and copies of it are now so rare as to be considered great curiosities.

Some of the journals announce that the Minister of the Interior has carved a place of 180*l.* or 200*l.* for a friend, out of the subvention of 2400*l.* which the National Assembly will allow to Mr. Lumley, as director of the Italian Theatre. The place is that of 'commissaire national,' and its duties consist in occupying from time to time a box at the performances, to see that Mr. Lumley duly executes the conditions on which the theatre has been conceded to him. There is about as much necessity for such a functionary as for one to record that the sun duly rises every morning; but it is the fashion in France to create useless places for fellows with patronage, who are too lazy or too stupid to gain their bread by honest industry. The whole country is overrun with such—the immense budget is devoured by them, as was the produce of Egypt by locusts. They are a perfect curse to the land. But in this case the creation of the place is peculiarly scandalous, as the nominal duties of it have been for years past fulfilled by a person who acts in a similar capacity in the other musical theatres, and attends to all for the same salary as this sycophant is to flinch from the Italians alone.

Although of late years it has been the fashion in France to express enthusiastic admiration of Shakspeare, (not that the French are at all capable of appreciating his majestic genius, but because they do not choose to be different to the English, Germans, and Americans,) time was when the good people of this country entertained a most contemptuous opinion of the mighty poet. Voltaire's flippant, silly, envious description of him will occur to the mind of every reader, and scores of others even more stupid are at hand. But I have been peculiarly amused by the following, which fell under my notice the other day in a *Dictionnaire Historique*: "Of all his pieces there are only a few which are worthy of the eulogium which the English nation has so prodigally bestowed on the tragic poet whom she considers her Corneille—*Othello*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Macbeth*. And even these must not be judged by the rules of art, which the author never knew.

* This will remind our readers of Mr. Egg, the celebrated gunmaker's experiments at Knightsbridge, above twenty years ago, which M. Julien's contrivance so closely resembles in being fish-shaped and made of gold-beater's skin. Mr. Egg built a large place near the site of what is now Wilton-street, and expended large sums on this Dagon, or Fishworship, but in the end the design failed, and it was found impracticable to navigate the huge balloon in the air, though we believe there was every hope and encouragement afforded by the trial of small balloons in the room where the whale was being covered with the fine skin.—ED. L. G.

He was a genius full of force and fecundity, of naturalness and sublimity, but without the slight portion of good taste, or any knowledge of the rules. His pieces are like so many monsters, without method and without regularity, and they prove that he had a profound ignorance of art, and of the writings of antiquity. But these monstrous pieces contain some beauties, some admirable scenes, and some pretty *morceaux*; and these qualities cause the English, who do not know how to appreciate dramatic poetry, to accept them, notwithstanding their want of propriety, order, and *vraisemblance*. On the whole, Monsieur Shakspeare has written some pretty things (*des jolies choses*), but he has no taste, and knew nothing of the rules. He is like a country clown in a drawing room, totally incapable of bowing or dancing with anything like polite grace."

Although it was denied that the ex-King Louis Philippe had demanded the restitution of the Spanish gallery, which he was always supposed to have given to the Louvre, the fact is, that the pictures have been packed up, and sent off to the Chateau of Biy, one of his family possessions. His Majesty, I believe, would not have been unwilling to have left the nation in peaceful ownership of the collection, if a proper submissive request had been made to him; but 'the powers that be' did not think it dignified to make any demand: and, moreover, the authorities of the Louvre were not sorry to be rid of the famous 'Galerie,' as they are decidedly of opinion that it occupied more room than it was worth. It contains, it seems, some undoubted Murillos; but the greater part of it is only copies, and those not very admirably executed, or works of unknown or uncared-for men. Yet the old king dispensed between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* in purchasing it, and fondly flattered himself that it was not unworthy to be ranged by the side of the best collections of the Italian, Flemish, or Dutch schools.

A propos of Louis Philippe: Count de Montalivet, the Intendant of his Civil List, has published another article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the manner in which he disbursed his money, his object being to show that he was not avaricious, as his enemies constantly alleged. What the Count says of his patronage of, and interest in, the Arts, is very creditable to the poor old monarch. Almost every day, it seems, he spent some time in the Louvre, and he did not allow a single picture or work of art at the annual exhibitions to escape his examination. In the course of his reign he spent the enormous sum of 440,000*l.* of his own money in buying pictures and sculptures—all of which went to the Louvre, or some other royal palace; and about another 50,000*l.* went in gold and silver medals for the most deserving artists. In this sum Horace Vernet figures for 33,700*l.* chiefly for his gigantic paintings of military exploits in Algeria—nearly all of which are now at Versailles. Louis Philippe also incurred a vast outlay in repairing and ornamenting old churches, preserving historical monuments, making additions to libraries, and so on; added to which he expended millions for repairing and embellishing the royal palaces. He likewise caused to be created galleries of Assyrian, Algerian, and Egyptian antiquities—of marine paintings—of the drawings of eminent masters, &c. In a word, he was a right royal patron of Art.

Rachel has returned to the *Français* from her trip to Germany. She comes back 11,000*l.* richer—a nice little sum for some eighty repetitions of her old haché characters. Madame Viardot reappears at the Grand Opera to-night in her original character of *Fides*, and she will be welcomed most enthusiastically.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels, 5 November.

SEEING from your last number that you have excited the wrath of Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket, by your criticisms on some of the literary

productions of his management, it has struck me that it may afford some consolation to you, in your humiliation, (a man, as Larochefaucauld tells us, always taking pleasure in the misfortunes of his friends), to learn that your brethren of the press of this good city are in a similar pickle, *vis à vis* the managers of the Theatres Royal. Here, as in London, Paris, and everywhere else, the newspaper critics were allowed free admissions to the Royal Theatres; here, too, as elsewhere, they considered themselves entitled to give an honest account of what they saw and heard; but here, too, as in London, the managers of the theatres fancied that by their admissions they had purchased the journalist body and soul; that he had become part of their goods and chattels, and was bound to lie for them to the public by calling bad good, and the detestable sublime. And the impossibility of reconciling journalistic independence and good faith, with managerial pretension and dishonesty, has led to an open rupture between press and theatres, as between the *Literary Gazette* and the Haymarket.

But the managers of Brussels soar far above Mr. Webster in their manner of punishing an offending journalist. Not only do they stop the poor wretch's free admission, but they gibbet him in huge printed placards, posted on all the dead walls, and lead the public to assume that he is little better than a downright swindler, by taking money, or at least money's worth, from them for praise, and then only giving abuse. For example—

NOTICE.

"The direction of the Theatres Royal has the honour to inform the public that notwithstanding its desire to fulfil its administrative duties, it is not able to prevent the systematic opposition of certain organs of the press. It will therefore henceforth on the public conscience to appreciate its acts, and will redouble its efforts to maintain the royal theatres in the rank they ought to occupy. It has accordingly resolved from the 6th of September to withdraw—

"From M. Perrot, of the *Indépendance*, fifteen free admissions which he had to the Royal Theatres, of the annual value of £360 or 900f. From M. Deschamps, of the *Marmouet*, two entries, of the annual value of 48 — 120f. From M. Delentre, of the *Observateur*, eight entries, value 192 — 480f. From M. Hauman, of the *Politique*, five entries, value 120 — 300f.

£720 or 18,000f.

"The direction ventures to hope that the public will be able to form an opinion as to the motive and the real value of the attacks of these gentlemen."

The worthy citizens were astounded at hearing that—"Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!" and still more so at the extraordinary way taken of promulgating it. But as they had no particular liking to the journalists—nobody has—they were rather pleased than otherwise at seeing them so mauled. And the directors had the gratification of finding such a 'spicy' announcement at the head of the daily bills of the play attracted larger audiences—so long, that is, as the novelty of the thing lasted—than all the puffs of all the papers could possibly have done.

The journalists, however, on their part, notwithstanding the meekness, and charitableness, and lowliness of spirit, by which they are so nobly distinguished from all the rest of the community, couldn't help taking the thing in high dudgeon. Accordingly, they first of all administered to the managers sundry severe castigations, and then cited them before the Tribunal, to obtain first a contradiction of the placards, and next heavy damages for the injuries they assert they have sustained by the publication of them. They allege, it seems, that it is not true that they had the number of free admissions stated; they complain bitterly of the monstrous injustice of calculating

the press admissions as worth so much money to the recipients, when the fact is, that they cause them trouble and expense; and they indignantly repudiate the idea that the acceptance of admissions is the submission to a sort of obligation to praise everything and everybody it may please managers to offer to the public. The hearing of the case before the Tribunal commenced last Saturday, and is to be continued next. It is needless to say that it excites extraordinary interest. I will send you the result.

The public, so far as I can collect, are now of opinion, from what has been reported of the pleadings, that the managers are certainly in the wrong. Such, I fancy, will be their ultimate verdict in every case of squabble between managers and journalists, as it is almost always the fact that the former richly deserve any censure the latter may heap on them. And this 'great fact' theatrical directors should, for their own sakes, bear constantly in mind.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The American Arctic Expedition has sent home despatches to the 22nd August. It details the progress of the vessels till they fell in with Captain Austin; but adds nothing to our previous information.

Ancient Ruins.—Mr. Squier states that, having heard of the existence of a ruined city in the province of Vera Paz, he had despatched an intelligent native from Leon to the place, to ascertain what was there, and give an account of any 'piedras antigas' he might meet with. He was gone six weeks, and returned with a description more than confirming the accounts he had had of the place, which, from all that he has learned of it, would seem to have been one of even greater importance than Coban. It lies nearly in a right line between the city of Guatemala and Lake Petén; and it is his determination to explore it at the first favourable opportunity. Mr. S. states, that the stories which have been published of ancient towns inhabited by Indians, have their origin in the fact, that the dense forests in which the ruined towns are situated are inhabited by an isolated race of Indians, who, from time to time, visit the Spanish settlements to supply themselves with necessities, and then retire again into their fastnesses. The Quiche Indians are the only ones who even partially understand their language, a circumstance which shows it to be a dialect of the Maya. Mr. S. has procured vocabularies of three of the native languages spoken in Nicaragua, which he proposes shortly to lay before the Society.

Bird-war.—The Indian newspapers describe a grand conflict of feathered warriors on the 13th September, seen from Chinchpoooley and the Malabar Hills. A vast number of kites 'literally darkening the air,' flew in the direction of Elephanta, and were encountered by a fierce party of crows, hurrying from every quarter, as if to resist an invasion. The crows attacked, with discordant cries and bills protruded, and the battle lasted till night put an end to it. The kites leave Bombay, for the drier Deccan, at the commencement of the rains, and the crows fill their nests with young. Hence the encounter, so frightful to behold, and the moulting of many a feather.

The King of Bavaria has formed the gigantic design of causing to be executed a series of pictures on subjects derived from the annals of all times and all nations—the whole being destined to form a sort of pictorial universal chronology. But the expense and vastness of such a project warrant the fear that it will never be realized.

BIOGRAPHY.

Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, M.A., the only surviving son of our eminent historian, died at Sienna, after a short illness, on the 26th ultimo, and at the early age of twenty-seven years. He had visited

Rome with his father and others of the family, and they were on their return homeward, when this mighty affliction fell upon them. It will be remembered, that a few years ago his elder brother, full of college honours and of the highest promise, was taken in like manner from the hopes and love of an affectionate parent, and the admiration of many friends and a wide social circle, who had witnessed his noble exertions, and the development of those talents and virtues which assured him, had he lived, a distinguished station in the annals of his country. It is, indeed, distressing to think that a second stroke, as calamitous as the first, should thus have fallen on the head and heart of a man every way so estimable as Henry Hallam. There is none other now left to alleviate his sorrows and offer him some comfort. Like the Psalmist, he has to mourn a great desolation. There is but one solace for such a loss; may God give it him; and if it can be in the slightest degree mitigate his grief, it might be the assurance that there is not a soul connected with the literature of England who does not share it with him. Mr. Hallam was a member of the Royal Society of Literature, proposed by his father during his presidency.

Jones Thomson, Esq., F.R.S.—The death of this well-known and much respected gentleman, occasioned by paralysis, on the 17th of October, at his residence, Primrose, near Clitheroe, is announced in *The Western Standard*, with the following obituary remarks:—Mr. Thomson "was born at Blackburn on the 6th February, 1779. His family were nearly connected with that of the late Sir Robert Peel. At the age of fifteen he went to pursue his studies at Glasgow; there he entered into relations of confidential friendship with Gregory Watt, (son of the inventor of the steam-engine,) after whose early death he remained on terms of intimacy with James Watt himself, and Thomas Campbell, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' &c., whose distinguished poetical genius he early felt and appreciated. He remained at college a year, and then entered the mercantile house of Joseph Peel and Co., in London. In the capital he resided for six years, associating with the most remarkable literary and scientific men of the age, Sir Humphrey Davy, Wollaston, and Persson, being among his intimate friends. His knowledge of the then little cultivated science of chemistry attracted the notice of his employers, who, thinking it might be rendered more available in the manufactures of Lancashire than in a London counting house, removed him to their establishment at Church Kirk, near Accrington, where he remained nine years, having married, meantime, Cecilia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Starkie, vicar of Blackburn. In the year 1811 he established himself at Primrose, near Clitheroe, where he pursued the occupation of calico printer for nearly forty years. Notwithstanding the claims and difficulties of an arduous business, he devoted much time to the cultivation of general science and literature. He was, besides, a generous patron of the arts, and a liberal contributor to all public institutions. His power as a writer is well known to all his acquaintances, and it is much to be regretted that he has left behind him no further specimens of his talent for composition than are comprised in a few short, though masterly, pamphlets. His scientific knowledge and highly cultivated taste, combined with the great energy and enterprise of his character, placed him in the foremost rank amongst the distinguished and philosophical manufacturers of his time; and in the neighbourhood where he resided, to the prosperity of which he may be considered as having largely contributed, his name will long be remembered with gratitude as a friend and benefactor." To this sketch we may add that Mr. Thomson was the first individual to use the microscope to distinguish the cotton and linen fibres; and our readers may remember how curiously this determined the question relating to the wrappings of Egyptian mummies, besides its immediate importance in manufacturing points of view.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LETTERS OF LAURA D'AUVERNE TO BERTHA.

LETTER EIGHTH.

STRANGE—strange things have hover'd near me—things that dwell by haunted streams—Shadows of a world unenter'd, save by feet that move in dreams; How to image forth their brightness—in what language to explain Half the wonders of my dreaming, know I not—the task seems vain. In my dream I saw a circle—wide and high—a ring of light; In the midst a blank—a darkness—darkness painful to the sight: Suddenly a host of monsters fill'd with glare the vacant span, Hideous forms in quick succession, on they came—till, last, came *Man*. Still beginning with the meanest, lowest of the human race, Step by step the forms grew grander—till there rose a kingly face: Prophets, saints, apostles, angels—midst the glorious circle trod, Till in rapturous hope I fancied the next vision might be *God*! But the circle vanish'd quickly;—and methought I stood alone At the foot of mighty columns, bearing high in heaven a throne! Looking round for steps to reach it, straight an ocean bounded free, Whose vast shores were all of silver—and the steps were on that sea. Dimly, in the silv'ry distance, seem'd a boat to heave and toss; Eagerly I hurried to it—enter'd in—and rowed across! Reach'd the wondrous steps in transport; eager, eager to ascend, Hours I climb'd them—crept and mounted—till I thought they ne'er would end. When the last high step was vanquish'd, mountain-tops appear'd afar; And the throne shone proud above them, glittering heavenlyward, like a star. And a crowd of people pass'd me, saying—"Back!—climb as you will—Struggle—toil—aspire for ever—'tis a throne beyond you still!" Oh, their hopeless faces grieved me; I was tempted to believe That the throne was but a phantom—all a vision to deceive! But a little child came to me—lispings, "Since you are alone, Take me—let us go together—on together—to God's throne!" Then I kiss'd the child—and, swiftly, double strength was in my breast;—And the sweet child's talk was ever of the Angels and the Blest! And I thought, thy infant wisdom far surpasses all I've heard: There was music, sweetness, beauty, in each little lispings word! And its innocence was blissful; it was like the morning's breath Unto one whose lips are fainting with a sickness like to death: But the way grew sharp and flinty—soon its little feet ran blood; So I press'd it to my bosom—and climbed with it, as I could! Oh the more and more I press'd it, still the happier I became, Though the path broke stern and rugged—and the heavens were like a flame. Still the toll was full of sweetness—and the way was full of rest, Whilst that face, like something holy, brought its comfort to my breast! Never once my footstep stumbled—never once I seem'd afraid—Though deep chasms yawned around me, as for my destruction made. Once again the top was conquer'd and a valley met our eyes, Sparkling thick with gold and jewels as the stars of frosty skies. Then the path, all undulating, lent at every turn new charms; So, half lost in happy wonder, I the child put from my arms! And I ran 'mid fields of rubies, growing wild as roses there; Placed the bright gems in my bosom—wreathed them in my flowing hair. Still the plain spread wide and wider; beauty took a form divine; Never monarch knew my splendour—thrones were poor to what was mine. Groups of people saw I kneeling in a temple all of gold; And they wept and clung unto it, for their hearts to it were sold. As I watch'd, a shudd'ring feeling ran through every tingling vein— And the gems grew black and loathsome, as if reptiles strew'd the plain. Then—the child?—I search'd in anguish;—he had wander'd far and high, To a broken cliff, projecting, like a bridge 'twixen earth and sky! And I felt that speed my utmost—beckon, caution, or beseech— He must fall!—be lost!—oh, horror—dash'd to death ere I could reach! Oh, those limbs so frail, so tender—needing God's supporting care— Could it be that he must perish?—he, so good, so young, so fair? Swift as speeds the homeward eagle, sped my feet—they sped in vain— And I saw him falling—falling!—every fall went through my brain. And a voice cried, "Lost for ever!" Happiness is thine no more! For a gaud, a toy, a trinket—lost what gold can ne'er restore! Weeping, wailing, crept I to him; looked upon him with a groan; While his dying lips still whisper'd,—"Take me with you to the throne! Take me with you unto Jesus!—only He can heal my pain— And in happy homes of angels we, with Him, shall walk again!" Oh, great God! I wept, implor'd thee to forgive me but the past; But those little lips closed slowly—and those sweet eyes look'd their last. Look'd their last!—oh, Nature—Nature, who hath sorrow like to this? From my anguish I was waken'd!—kindly waken'd—by a kiss! And a dear form, bending o'er me, whisper'd it was time to rise; "See," she said, "the sun hath travell'd more than half way o'er the skies; Up and haste!—I've that to tell thee, which may woo the rose to grow On that cheek, too often, lately, pallid as the wintry snow." Thus she left me:—tell me, Bertha, what foretells this dream so wild? Are the pure in heart the happy? and is happiness a child? Oh, I know not—yet, before me, smile the lips that smiled in death— And the throne?—I would have borne him to that throne with my last breath!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

National Concerts.—This institution has now taken the position to which it aspired on its introduction to the public; the fact is fully corroborated by the crowded audiences which assemble nightly within the walls of the theatre. A vast improvement has taken place in the programmes of the past week; the first portion being now entirely of the classical school, and the second of the romantic. The orchestra gains greater ensemble each night, and in every way sustains the brilliant reputation augured for it. The instrumental works performed have been Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Priests' March from *Athalia*, Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, *Der Freyschütz*, and "The Ruler of the Spirits," and Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*. All these works have been performed with the greatest attention to their musical points, and have been received with the universal approbation of the public, who have testified their cultivated taste by listening to them with marked attention. The Berlin Chorus has continued to excite the enthusiasm which displayed itself on the first night of their performance. The *furore* they have created is fully deserved; such part-singing has never been heard in this country. The principal *morceaux* they have rendered during the week have been Mendelssohn's Forty-third Hymn, Mozart's "Ave Verum," Reicher's National Lied, Hymns by the Earl of Westmoreland, Lotti, and Haydn, Chorus by Grill, Motetto by Baupsmann, and "The Blue Bells of Scotland," arranged by Neidhardt, "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." *Encores* and double *encores* have been plentifully bestowed upon their exertions, and the repetitions of the pieces have but served to excite fresh applause. Mdlle. Angri continues to increase her popularity by her admirable interpretation of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Italian masters. The "Non piu mesta," "Di tanti palpit," "Ciel Pietoso," and "Di piacer," have been the most successful of her vocal attempts.

On Tuesday evening an unwonted occurrence took place. Madame Biscaccianti came forward to sing the "Alfin ion tua" from *Lucia*, and the orchestra commenced the introduction, when the *prima donna* suddenly buried her face in her white pocket-handkerchief—that indispensable adjunct of a cantatrice—and rushed from the platform; sibilations and applause arose upon all sides, and after some demurring, Mr. Balfie begged of the audience to allow the concert to proceed, and to excuse the lady. Whatever may have been the cause of disagreement, Madame Biscaccianti is wrong in offending the public by not fulfilling her promise, implied by the insertion of her name in the programme; the details of the affair will, doubtless, be made known. Herr Molique has again performed his concerto. Our favourable opinion of this composition, expressed upon the first hearing, has been strengthened by its repetition. Its performance was perfect; the most fastidious critic could find no fault with Herr Molique's execution of his work. Universal applause was bestowed upon the composer, who is now as much appreciated by the public as he formerly was by musicians. The new waltzes, galops, and polkas of Herr Labitzky elicit the admiration of all; correctness and melody are equally displayed in all this celebrated composer's productions.

The novelties to be produced next week are of the most attractive nature. Macfarren's Serenata will be performed on Wednesday, and in the course of the week Labitzky's new Grand National Quadrille, dedicated by permission to Prince Albert, will be played by the present orchestra, in addition to three military bands, the side drums of all the regiments, and the English and Berlin chorus.

Jullien's Promenade Concerts.—Notwithstanding the fears entertained that M. Jullien's promenades would be injured by the establishment of the National Concerts, the exertion and preparations of the enterprising director have been as successful

as on all previous seasons. It must be apparent to every observer that the two establishments can in no way clash together, the object of the one being much more elevated than that of the other. We are prevented from noticing the musical doings of Friday, but will next week make further remark on the commencement of M. Jullien's season.

English Opera House. — On Tuesday night, the performances of the operatic company at Miss Kelly's Theatre commenced with Mr. Mitchell's opera of *The Last Crusade*. Taking into consideration the many difficulties the composer has had to contend against, the present work is very creditable to its author. The tenor part was entrusted to a Mr. Bridge Frodsham. As far as the music was concerned, the management might as well have engaged the famous singing mouse; and did a like animal with histrionic powers exist, his services would have been equally as potent. Mrs. Newton filled the soprano part with a great deal of pretension. Mr. Durand—a baritone—possesses an admirable voice, and although at present "unaccustomed to public speaking," will doubtless eventually attain a creditable position. Miss Low promises, with study, to become a good singer. The band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Anschuez, are very good, but too loud for the theatre. The appointments and scenery do great credit to the taste of Mr. B. Barnett, the stage manager.

Mr. Hudson and Madame Anna Thillon contemplate giving an entertainment consisting of musical and dramatic impersonations. The excellence of each artist will be sufficient guarantee for the success of the performance. The first of the series will take place at Willis's Rooms on the eighteenth of the month.

Haymarket. — At this theatre, Mr. Macready is the veritable Atlas, not only of the drama, but of the theatre. Excepting on those nights on which he appears, the house presents but a beggarly account of empty boxes. The company is thinned of so much of its former attractions, and is so deficient in the representatives of high comedy, that, in the absence of the one bright and particular star which casts an instant brilliancy on the troupe, the management is inevitably left to the exhibition of weak French dramas and broad farces. Macready is, however, not only a host in himself, but has the skill of imparting a portion of his own spirit to those by whom he happens to be surrounded. The sense of the poet is by him set forth to his less intellectual brethren; and the action of the plays in which he appears is regulated with a cultivated sense of its great importance, but is also conceived with the true artistic spirit. Hence, *King Lear* and *Richelieu*, which have been given during the week in despite of certain draw-backs, have been produced with much propriety. *Lear* may be placed at the head of Macready's Shaksperian characterizations. The wild temper of the old king—the incipient insanity—the senility—the picturesque rudeness of the coœl antiquity—the heathen ferocity—the spasmodic passion—the paternal tenderness—the heart-harrowing pathos, are each set forth with such complete distinctness and with so great harmony, that the mighty chaos is resolved into one perfect whole. The mind tottering on its throne, and battling to the last with the fell Nemesis, until it succumbs with infantine sobs, and heart-crushed at the sight of his poor Cordelia, constitutes one of the grandest exhibitions of the human mind, in its might and its weakness, ever displayed on the ancient theatre of Greece, or on the boards of the modern stage. Macready in *Lear* has elaborated every line—not a word is passed by without delving into its varied meaning, or its consonance with some antecedent passage or subsequent effect. The full sense of each passage is elicited, and made to cast its light on each point of the picture; the mental paroxysms seem to have

been analyzed with the deep skill of the metaphysician, and the physical action studied with the knowledge of the anatomist. The voice is modulated to every tone of human sorrow or mortal agony; the breast, upheaved with the violence of the *passio hysterica*, sends forth the gusty breath as the wind of the hurricane, and the pathos of the old king is breathed forth in sounds touching and melodious as the shepherd's pipe. *Lear*, as it is the sublimest creation of the poet, so is it worthily the chiefest triumph of the actor, for its stage development demands a double simulation—that of old age and the unseated brain—old age and madness!

A crowned king and houseless beggar! The play of *Richelieu* was written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton expressly for Macready, but though clever in its stage-craft, is wanting in elevation of interest, and with the single exception of the *Cardinal* the various characters borrow no excellence from development of character. They are of the stage, stagey, and the *coup de théâtre*, though striking, are melodramatic and conventional. The mimic cardinal is the heart of the play, as was the living cardinal the heart of France. The attempt to concentrate the several dispositions of the wily statist, which had grown out of the varying incidents of the political hour, though bold in idea, has been wrought out with considerable ingenuity, but the travelling to and fro of the "sealed packet" fatigues the attention, and lowers what should have been the moral purpose of the play. The self-dependence, the lofty patriotism, the wily diplomacy, the astute world-knowledge, the grand egotism, and the sublime vanity of the *Cardinal* are portrayed with masterly skill, and with perfect dramatic coherence. Mr. Macready has here to portray rather the externals than those subtle workings of the spirit which constitute the greatness of the elder dramatists.

The Olympic has assumed high ground, and may worthily take a foremost rank among the theatres of the metropolis. The production of a new and original historical tragedy, by J. Westland Marston, must always excite considerable interest and careful consideration. The *Patrician's Daughter* and *Strathmore*, though defective in construction and dramatic terseness, were distinguished by elevation of purpose and poetical beauty—the cunning hand of the craftsman was alone wanting. The latter quality cannot be gained without considerable practice in stage matters, and long acquaintance with stage necessities. The great dramatic poets of all nations, Shakspere, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Lope de Vega, Molière, were either actors or managers, and hence their deep knowledge of the various exigencies necessary to the building-up an acting play. We are glad to discover in Westland Marston's new tragedy, *Philip of France*, and *Marie de Méranie*, an approximation to this much-desired end. In point of skill, this, his latest effort, is in vast advance of his former plays. The scenes follow each other more consecutively—the characters are more distinctly articulated—the design has greater breadth, and the tragic element has greater potency. There is throughout more stage-craft and less poetical transcendentalism than in any of his antecedent efforts. We have faith in Mr. Marston—he has the true dramatic inspiration; but he must delve deeper into the human heart—sift its emotions, number its pulsations, and attain the power of reflecting its impulses. He must eschew the piling-up of tropes and figures, and boldly rest in full confidence on the simplicity of nature; and then Mr. Marston will write a play that the world will not willingly let die.

The historical basis upon which Mr. Marston has founded his tragedy involves some of the bold acts of Philip Augustus—deeds which fully testify to the impetuous nature of the king. These have of course been modified and poetically construed by the author, who has wisely endeavoured to prove, that nearly all the good in his character, and the

noble actions achieved by him, were the result of the virtuous affection inspired by Marie, or, as she is frequently called, Agnes, daughter of Berthold, Duke of Merania. Although loving *Marie*, and being loved in return with all the earnestness of an amiable and virtuous girl, he contracts a marriage of policy with a near relation, the *Princess Ingerburg*. In the course of time, matrimonial differences arise between the king and queen, which are finally terminated by the repudiation of *Ingerburg* by *Philip*. He then throws himself at the feet of *Marie*, and offers to share with her his throne. *Marie* at first rejects the proposal, but when he adverts to the change which has recently come over his character, the good he has done, what he had been, and what he may again become, forgetting every other feeling but love, inspired and absorbed by that alone, she throws herself into his arms and consents to the marriage. In the meantime, disaffected nobles have stirred up the populace, and used their influence at the papal court against *Philip*. The pope, enraged at the repudiation of *Ingerburg*, threatens to lay the kingdom under interdict unless the king separates from *Marie* and takes again his lawful wife. Intense love for *Marie*, and fear for the awful fate overhanging the kingdom, now agitate his breast; he at first indignantly refuses to leave his beloved, and then in the council chamber, where the prelates and emissaries of the pope and the nobles of the kingdom are assembled, bursts out into a powerful invective against the pope and the Catholic authorities, and refuses to succumb to their wishes. In the midst of this speech, the booming of a muffled bell is heard—the signal for the utter excommunication of the kingdom. Another moment, and all is lost—when *Marie* rushes in, and, with affrighted mien and pallid cheek, demands the meaning of that dreadful sound; when told, she tears from her brow the ensign of royalty, and dashes it at the foot of the throne, willingly giving up the honour of queen for the love of *Philip*. The sentence of the council is postponed, and *Philip* and *Marie* are again left to rack their hearts with doubts. Meanwhile, *De Fontaine*, one of the disaffected nobles, tortures the king with temptation, and points out to him how he may receive *Ingerburg* as queen nominally, and yet give up his whole love to *Marie*. Terrified each moment at the danger threatening his kingdom, and the indignation of his people, he yields, and consents to reinstate *Ingerburg* in her dignities. *Marie* with heart-rending anxiety awaits the decision of the council, when *Philip* himself appears, and with hesitancy and difficulty breaks to her the intelligence, and proposes that she, although not queen of his subjects, should ever be queen of his heart. Astounded even to madness, she rejects this proposal, harrowing her very heart, with all the indignation of a virtuous woman, and, praying God to bless *Philip*, bids him farewell for ever. The king, no longer able to bear the separation, calls his kingdom to arms, and proceeds against King Otho. After some time he gains a great victory, which we presume to be the battle of Bouvines. In the meantime, *Marie* has retired to an ancient castle, where, apart from the strife of the world, she may indulge her remorse. *Philip* hears of her hopeless condition, and hastens in the direction of the castle, trusting to save her by the effect of the happy intelligence he bears. The nerve is now strained to the utmost, and *Marie*, wasted in body, is on the very brink of the grave. From the window of her chamber her dependant sees a troop of horsemen approaching—one knight before all the rest. The heart of *Marie* tells her it is *Philip*, and she will not die till she has seen him. A few moments of agonizing suspense elapse. *Marie* reverts to the bright world and happy scenes she is about to leave for ever;—every endearing memory rushes with overwhelming force to her mind, and inspired by the recollection of her love for *Philip*, she forgives him, and prays for his prosperity. The excitement of the scene has served

to hasten her impending fate. The horsemen approach nearer and nearer—the sound of footsteps are heard, and in another moment *Philip* rushes in, clasps *Marie* to his bosom, and her lingering spirit, released by that embrace, flies to its home on high. The character of *Philip Augustus* has been placed in too favourable a light by Mr. Marston. We can hardly reconcile with his noble nature the base proposal he makes to one he truly loves. His repudiation of *Ingerburg*, his marriage with *Marie*, his consent to forsake her and receive *Ingerburg* again, and his final reclaiming of *Marie*, give no idea of a deep affection or hatred for one or the other. They are deeds little calculated to excite admiration or awaken sympathy. It is a recorded fact that the good acts effected by *Philip Augustus*, and the improvements which took place in the countries under his sway, occurred after his victory over Otho, in the battle of Bouvines. This is therefore anticipated by Mr. Marston, when, in the interview of the two lovers, he ascribes the improvement to the power *Marie* possesses over him. We would advise the artists engaged in the present tragedy to adopt a universal pronunciation of the name of *Ingerburg*; on the first representation, no less than five different methods were employed.

The character of *Philip Augustus* was performed by Mr. Gustavus Brooke. This gentleman possesses a vast amount of energy, but his voice is affected by so obstinate a hoarseness, that all modulation is thereby destroyed. Of the harmony of the poet's numbers, or of the various shades of passion, nothing remains—all is wrecked, and utterly lost; the violence or the tenderness—the intenseness of rage or the pathos of sorrow, are all destroyed by the physical effort necessitated to enunciate the mere words of the author. It is thoroughly painful, and seriously damages the effect which the new tragedy would otherwise produce. The engagement of Miss Helen Faucit is a rich boon to the public—for, since the days of Siddons and O'Neil, she is the most worthy exponent of the lofty poetical drama. She is the Rachel of the English stage. Her fine appreciation of the poetry is alone equalled by her powers of characterization, and the exquisite melody of her voice. All the phases of passion find in Helen Faucit a faultless interpreter; she seizes the most delicate nuances with a feminine yet firm grasp, and all the varying emotions of the scene pass before us as truthfully as life, but exalted by the fine intellectuality and exquisite sensibility of the truly inspired artiste. And yet Helen Faucit has been absent from the metropolitan stage for three years, and the managers whine forth their hypocritical plaints of the difficulties under which they labour from a want of dramatic talent. The public wisely assert their knowledge of the falsehood by their abandonment of the theatres, and thus 'the whirligig of Time brings on its revenge.' The reception of Helen Faucit was general and enthusiastic, and her performance of *Marie de Mérovie* was distinguished by the most exalted conception and the most perfect development. It was instinct with tenderness and true womanhood—and the great scenes to which we have adverted in our analysis of the plot were sustained with legitimate tragic power. The horrors of the dying scene were robbed of all melodramatic exaggeration; and we need hardly add, that at the termination the gifted actress was summoned before the curtain amid the cheers of the public. The dresses, scenery, and action of the tragedy are admirable in every respect. The author was called for, and accordingly bowed his thanks from a private box.

VARIETIES.

The Expositor is the title of a new illustrated weekly paper, devoted for the present "to preparing the public to visit the Great Exhibition with benefit," but intended to continue after its close "as a faithful register of the progress of improvement in Manufactures, Machinery, Taste,

Skill, Design, and the useful application of the Arts." Nos. I. and II. are before us; and among other illustrations of interest, we observe the "three Goblets used at the Mayor's Banquet," "the Works at Dover Harbour," "the Queen's Retiring Room at the Haymarket Theatre," "Mr. Wyld's Great Globe," "the present state of the Building in Hyde Park," and numerous illustrations of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and the experiments and works connected with it.

The Art Journal.—Our enterprising contemporary has, in the present number, taken a brave step in advance of all his former efforts. A personal journey through Germany, and investigation of the manufactures and other industrial products of the principal cities, and an inquiry into the intentions of those who were engaged in preparing specimens for the Exhibition of 1851, have enabled him to give a valuable account of their proceedings, and also to supply many particulars of general information, of much interest to the same classes in England.

Picture Sale.—The sale of the pictures at Stanhope-street, by Messrs. Foster and Son, which we noticed last week, realized upwards of 3500*l.* The Berghem (318) was sold for 735*l.* to Mr. Bousfield; the W. Vandervelde to Mr. G. Anderson, for 535*l.* 10*s.*; the Cuyp to Mr. Russell, for 110*l.* 5*s.*; the Ruydsael, for 278*l.* 5*s.*; the Wouwermans to Mr. Brown, for 54*l.* 12*s.*; the Both (No. 311), for 57*l.* 15*s.*; the Dubbels to Mr. Brown, for 59*l.* 17*s.*; the Canaletti (No. 290) to Mr. Anderson, for 99*l.* 15*s.*; the Both (No. 282) to Mr. Capron, for 24*l.* 6*s.*; the pair of Canaletti pictures to Mr. Barrett, for 70*l.* 7*s.* No. 247, a landscape by R. Wilson, was sold for 66*l.* 3*s.* Mr. Farrer bought a picture by Huysmans for 24*l.* 3*s.*; and Mr. Norton one by Titian,—a replica, we presume, of the picture at Windsor,—for twenty guineas.

Zoological Society.—At the monthly general meeting, Mr. W. Yarrell, V.P., in the chair, Baron Brunow and others were elected fellows. The report of the Council stated that the number of visitors to the gardens during the current year has been 344,590, and there has been an increase in consequence of 5600*l.* in the receipts as compared with the corresponding period of 1849; upwards of eighty animals have been added to the menagerie, by purchase and donations, since the meeting in September. The principal objects of interest are a polar bear, three grizzly bears, and a male brush turkey (*Jalegalla Lathami*), of which species the society had previously only possessed a female. The principal gifts are, a lioness, from Mozambique, presented by the Queen of Portugal; a lioness, presented by General Sir Harry Smith, Governor of the Cape; and a herd of reindeer, presented by Mr. W. C. Domville. The first portion of a collection which has been obtained in Ceylon by Mr. Alexander Grace reached the gardens on the 1st inst., and will be regarded with interest, as coming from a country of which the zoology is still very imperfectly known.

International Copyright.—Mr. James, the novelist, has declared his intention of becoming an American citizen by taking the preliminary measures in the proper court in this city. This will at once clearly entitle him to the protection of our copyright laws in any books he may publish. We understand he has already made arrangements for the commencement of a new serial novel in the December number of Stringer and Townsend's 'International Magazine.' A letter has appeared from his pen and some indifferent stanzas in the *Courier*, in reply to a slaughterous attack in the *Whig Review* on a copy of verses abusive of America which were published with his name some time since in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' It is a trifling affair, which we think Mr. James would have consulted his self-respect and position by leaving just where it stood. The lines in question are good in their way, the best we have seen from Mr. James's pen, and their vigour is a compliment to the country which stimulated the unwonted fire. There

seems just now, we may remark, a balance of magnanimity on the American side. While English journalists, who should know better, are greedily publishing the most absurd jokes as matters of fact, in depreciation of the Jenny Lind enthusiasm, with very unhandsome comments, the American press has been 'putting down' American clergymen and Magazinists who have had the audacity to question the proprieties of a British steamer and a British author. The diminution of American sensitiveness and anti-English feeling we presume to be in direct proportion to the increase of real power at home.—*Post, New York*; and *The Literary World*.

The "Californian Illustrated News."—We have received the first and second numbers of a newspaper bearing the above title, which, considering all the circumstances attendant upon its production, may be looked upon here as one of the latest wonders of that auriferous country. It contains a number of well-executed woodcuts, superior far to anything of the sort we have ever seen done in this town, and, so far as we are able to judge, truthful representations of the scenes and places they are said to represent. The engravings are—"The Obsequies of General Taylor in San Francisco;" "The Mission at Dolores;" "Riot at Sacramento City;" "The Golden Gates, or rocks at the entrance of San Francisco Bay;" "The Presidio, or ancient seat of Government;" "The San Francisco Theatre;" "The Island of Yerba Buena;" and "Going to the Mines." The mechanical portion of these wood-engravings is exceedingly well done, but the artist is far from being a good draughtsman. The literary portion of the paper is particularly well written, and gives a graphic account of the wonderful land in which it is printed. Theatrical performances, concerts, daguerreotype portrait taking, *poses plastiques*, and other amusements and inventions which are only found where civilization exists in a high degree, seem to be as common in San Francisco as in Liverpool. The price, says the publisher, "to bring it within the reach of even the poorest," is only one dollar a number—nearly as many shillings as we charge pence for the *Times*.—*Liverpool Times*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adcock's Engineers' Pocket Book, 1851, 6*s.*
- Angela, by the Author of *Emilia Wyndham*, new edition, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
- Arnold's Longer Latin Exercises, Part 1, second edition, Svo, cloth, 4*s.*
- Arnold's Longer Latin Exercises, Part 2, Svo, cloth, 4*s.*
- Beaven's (J.) Elements of Natural Theology, 12mo, cl. 5*s.*
- Black's (Dr. T.) Lessons in Greek Ellipses, 12mo, boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*
- Bloomfield's (Rev. S. T.) Annotations on the New Testament, svo, cloth, 15*s.*
- Browning's Poems, 2 vols., new edition, 12mo, cloth, 16*s.*
- Brown's (J.) Hints on the Lord's Supper, 12mo, cloth, 2*s.*
- Burnett's (Dr.) Philosophy of Spirits in Relation to Matter, Svo, cloth, 9*s.*
- Carter's (J.) Memoirs, by Dampier, post Svo, cloth, 5*s.*
- Crabb's Synonyms, ninth edition, Svo, cloth, 15*s.*
- Child's First Lesson Book, 2*s.* 6*d.*
- Chitty's Stamp Laws, by S. Atkinson, Esq., third edition, 12mo, 14*s.*
- Cooke's Agricultural Tenancies, with Forms and Precedents, Svo, boards, 18*s.*
- Directions for the Treatment of Diseases in Horses, Cattle, Dogs, &c., second edition, 12mo, 4*s.*
- Discipline, second edition, 18mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
- Draper's (Rev. B. H.) Stories from the Old and New Testaments, fifth edition, 12mo, 5*s.*
- Foreign Library, Vol. 7: Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century, Svo, cloth, 15*s.*
- Frome's (Captain) Outlines Trigonometrical Survey, second edition, Svo, cloth, 12*s.*
- Handbook of the Parish of Westminster, 12mo, 2*s.*
- Hewson's (W.) Illustrated Guide to the Curiosities of Craven, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
- Johnson (Mrs.) and her Daughters, 4*s.* 6*s.*
- Kavanagh's (J.) Nathalie; a Tale, 3 vols., post 8*s.* 2*f.* 1*l.* 6*s.*
- Longfellow's Poems, Essays by Gilfillan, square, 5*s.* (gilt, 6*s.* 6*d.*)
- Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. 33, Svo, cloth, 18*s.*
- Merryweather's (F. S.) Glimmerings in the Dark, post 8*s.* cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*
- Milward's County Courts' Act, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*
- Miles' Horse's Foot, seventh edition, royal 8*s.* cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*
- Mitchell's (O. M.) Planetary and Stellar Worlds, 12mo, cl. 4*s.*
- Moschisker's (F. H.) Study of Modern Languages, 12mo, 4*s.*

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End of Freemasonry, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Olive (The), by the Author of Ogilvies, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Percival's (W.) Lectures on Form and Action of the
Horse, 8vo, 10s.

Percival's (W.) Lectures on Form and Action of the
Horse, with Experimental Enquiries into the Effects of
Medicine on Horses, 8vo, boards, 12s.

Pereira's Materia Medica, Vol. 2, Part 1, 8vo, cloth, 17s.
Pleasant Tales for Little People, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Questions on the First Series of Chepmell's History of
England, 12mo, sewed, 1s.

Salmon's (Rev. G.) Treatise on Conic Sections, second
edition, 8vo, cloth, 12s.

Sargent's (A. M.) Easy Lessons in Geography, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
Scenes in Foreign Lands, new edition, 12mo, 7s. 6d.

Sketches by Box, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Smith's (Dr.) New Classical Dictionary, 8vo, cloth, 21s.

Sowerby's Mineralogy, square, cloth, 10s. 6d.

Strickland's Queens of Scotland, Vol. 1, post 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.

Strickland's Psalms and Hymns, 18mo, bound, 1s. 6d.

Whately's Logic, new edition, post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Eloquence, new edition, post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Yate's (J.) Vindication of Unitarianism, fourth edition,
8vo, cloth, 9s.

Yonge's (W.C.) Temporal Prospects of Israel Unsettled,
18mo, cloth, 2s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Nov. 9 . . .	11 43 59 8	Nov. 13 . . .	11 44 27 5
10	- 44 5 5	14	- 44 36 5
11	- 44 12 0	15	- 44 46 3
12	- 44 19 3		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PARIS.—The “papers” expected have not been received.
J. E.'s communication is under consideration.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—
THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.
MONDAY, November 11th.

THE CELEBRATED BERLIN CHOIR

EVENING.

Angr, Newton, Goddard, Sockhausen, Lefort, and Sims
Reeves; Molique, Sainton, Hartt, Baumann, Richardson,
Barret, Steiglich, and the Choristers of the Berlin Chapel
Royal.

“THE QUADRILLI OF ALL NATIONS.”

Herr Labitzky's “Quadrille of all Nations,” dedicated by
special permission to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, will be
produced in a few days. In order to give the greatest
possible effect to this competition, the Directors have the
honour to announce that the orchestra will, on this occasion,
comprise 120 artists, in addition to the band of the
1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. Wadell (by
the kind permission of Cobnel Parker); the band of the
Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Schott (by
the kind permission of Cobnel Lascelles); the band of the
Scots Fusilier Guards, under the direction of M. Bausey (by
the kind permission of Coloncl Knollys); a complete corps
of British military side drums; the English chorus; and
the Choristers of the Berlin Chapel Royal.

Musical Composer, Director, and Conductor—M. Balfé,
Conductor of La Musique de Danse—Herr Labitzky.

Director of the Berlin Choir—Herr Neidhardt.
PROMENADE (admitting to the Half Circles, Gallery, and
Slip Stalls), Is. 6d.

Boxes andfalls to be had at the Box Office, where
programmes of the performances may be obtained.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, presented
to the Zoological Society by H.H. the Viceroy of
Egypt, is EXHIBITED daily at their Gardens, in
the Regent's Park, from 11 to 4 o'clock. Visitors desirous of
seeing the animal in the water are recommended to go
early. Admission, Is.; on Mondays, 6d.

MALIA MANNING, GEORGE
MANNING, and BLOOMFIELD RUSH, taken from
life during their trials, a cast in plaster of Mr. O'Connor,
and a plan of the Kitchen where he was murdered, models
of Stanfield Hall and Potash Farm, are now added to the
Chamber of Horrors at Madame TUSSAUD and SONS'
EXHIBITION, Bazaar, Baker Street, Portman Square.
Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10.—Admission,
Large Room, Is.; Small Rooms, 6d. extra.

JOHN MORTLOCK'S CHINA AND
EARTHEWARE BUSINESS IS CARRIED ON
IN OXFORD STREET ONLY. The premises are the most
extensive in London, and contain an ample assortment of
every description of goods of the first manufacturers. A
great variety of dinner services at four guineas each, cash,
—230 Oxford Street, near Hyde Park.

LIFE IN INDIA.—NEW ORIENT-

TAL DIORAMA, a sequel to the “Overland Route from Southampton to Calcutta.” The extraordinary success which has attended the exhibition of the Diorama of the Overland Route appearing to have resulted from the lively interest taken by the British public in everything which relates to India, a body of Artists of unquestionable ability have been engaged to paint a variety of scenes illustrating the SOCIAL LIFE OF ENGLAND IN INDIA, and the principal place which such Englishmen are accustomed to visit during their sojourn in the East. These Paintings, upon a scale of 13 feet by 16 feet, each elegantly set, and constituting, with an appropriate Lecture and suitable Music, a highly interesting and instructive Entertainment, will be presented to the public on Saturday, the 23rd of November, 1850, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's. Arrangements have been made with an Eminent Lecturer, intimately acquainted with India; and it is confidently believed that the Entertainment will not form an unworthy sequel to the superb Diorama of the Overland Route.

Amongst the scenes depicted in Life in India are the following:—the Port and part of the Town of Calcutta, the Traveller crossing the Hooghly, the Indigo Planter's Bungalow; an English Lady's Drawing Room in India, Tiger Hunting (two Pictures); the Bazaar Tree, the Halt, the Interior of an Officer's Quarters, the Taj at Agra; Delhi, Procession of the Great Mogul going to Public Worship; Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, an English Court of Justice in the Interior; Hyderabad on the Indus, Troops on the March, Bombay, and the Island of Colaba, the Cave of Elephanta, Hog Hunting in the Deccan (two views); Madras, the Eastern House, the surf, &c. Garden Reach near Calcutta, the Festival of the Churned Peacock, a Nauch (Dance of Native women), the Cathedral of Calcutta, &c. &c. &c. The whole constituting a perfect Picture of every part of India. The Artists who have been engaged on the Works are well known to, and highly appreciated by, the public; and they have had the advantage of consulting the productions of the following unenviable authorities, some of whom have personally superintended the Paintings: viz. Sir C. D'Oyley, Col. Sleeman, Col. Luard, Capt. Bellew, Capt. Grindlay, Mr. Stoeckeler, Col. Forbes, Capt. W. Barnett, Mr. P. French, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Gaultz, and Lieut. Tickell, R.N. Further particulars in future announcements.

THE EIDER DOWN QUILT is the

warmest, the lightest, and the most elegant covering; it is suitable for the bed, the couch, or the carriage; and its comfort to invalids cannot be too highly appreciated.—To be seen in great variety, and lists of prices and sizes sent free by post, on application to HEAL and SON'S Bedding Factory, 196 (opposite the Chapel), Tottenham court-road.

FLOOR CLOTHS.

Best quality, warranted 2s. 6d. per sq. yd.
Persian and Turkey pattern 2s. 9d. . . .
Common Floor Cloth 2s. 0d. . . .

COCOA-FIBRE Mats and Matting.

INDIA MATTING, plain and figured.

JOWETT, Manufacturer, 532, NEW OXFORD STREET.

E. J. DENT, by distinct appointments,

Watch and Clock Maker to the Queen, H.R.H. Prince
Albert, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia, having greatly
increased his stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS to meet
the purchases made at this season of the year, most respect-
fully requests from the public an inspection of his various
assortments. Ladies' gold watches, with gold dials, and
jewelled in four holes, 8 gs. when; each; gentlemen's ditto, enamel
dials, 10 gs. youths' silver watches, 4 gs.; substantial and
accurately-going silver lever watches, jewelled in four
holes, 6 gs.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand; 33, Cockspur Street;
and 34, Royal Exchange, (Clock Tower Area.)

HENDRIE'S PATENT PETRO-

LINE SOAP has realized in practice all the pro-
mised beneficial effects on excoriations and eruptive affec-
tions of the cuticle. The “COSMETIC PETROLEUM SOAP,” for
the habitual use of the toilet, is found to have an agreeable
demulcent influence on the hands, and on the most delicate
skin; or in the nursery, for infants. The “PETROLEUM
SHAVING SOAP” is peculiarly bland and balsamic, allaying
the irritation felt in the employment of the ordinary alkaline
complaint known as ringworm.

A more detergent antiseptic, with additional petroleum,
named “DISPENSARY SOAP,” is prepared for inveterate
cuticular affections of long standing; and, from experience
in several public schools, where it has been employed in
washing children's heads, it has proved an efficient specific
for, and a complete protection against, the troublesome
complaint known as ringworm.

The Dispensary Soap, being at a moderate price, is avail-
able for all classes, and is used with great success in purify-
ing limbs after infectious diseases; in fact, the use of it may,
in many cases of typhus and other contagions, be considered
a beneficial antidote.

R. HENDRIE,

PERFUMER TO HER MAJESTY.

12 AND 13, TICEBORNE STREET, REGENT'S QUADRANT.

OCTOBER CIRCULAR, 1850.—We

would remind the public that all TEA, bad or good,
the best or the most worthless, pays an uniform duty of
2s. 2d. per lb., and is necessarily subject to equal charges
for freight, portage, wharfage, dock dues, &c.; conse-
quently the commonest is much heavier taxed, in proportion
to its real or marketable value, than either the medium or
the finest class teas. Thus, common Congou costs in Canton
only 7d. to 8d. per lb., but before it reaches the English con-
sumer, it pays in duty and charges no less than 400 per cent.;
the medium class tea, which costs from 12d. to 15d. per lb., averages in duty and charges not more than 200 per cent.; whilst the finest class teas, which cost in China four times the price of the commoner, pay no more than 100 per cent. It must be apparent that, with a fixed charge of 2s. 6d. per lb. upon all tea, mere price alone is no criterion of either
good value or cheapness; and we especially direct the attention
of those who are solicitous to economize their expen-
diture, that they voluntarily tax themselves double or quad-
rangle what they have any necessity for doing by purchasing
inferior teas.—SIDNEY, WELLS, and MANDUELL, 8,
Ludgate-Hill. Goods sent to any part of the kingdom
carriage free on parcels of the value of 5*l.* and upwards.—
6, Ludgate-hill.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

GENUINE PATE PECTORALE DE LICHEN,
or ICELAND MOSS PASTE, for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Sore Throat, &c. The general approbation this Preparation
of Iceland Moss has received from Clergymen,
vocalists, and public speakers, and its superiority over
Jujubes and all other Lozenges, are the best testimonies that
can be offered of its efficacy in the above complaints.

Also, the ICELAND MOSS CHOCOLATE, a highly
nutritious diet for Consumptive persons.

ABSORBENT LOZENGES, for Heartburn,
Acidity of the Stomach, &c. It is more than fifty years
since Dr. Jenner prescribed these Lozenges, which afford
in all the above cases a speedy relief; and while the ingre-
dients are agreeable to the taste, they are fully adequate to
the purpose for which they are intended.

The above are prepared only by SAVORY and MOONE,
Chemists to the Queen, 143, New Bond Street, and 220,
Regent Street; and sold at their Western Branch Estab-
lishment, 29, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place.

NEWLY INVENTED.

THE RESPIRATORY ORGAN and

CHEST PROTECTORS, without metal, for all
ages and sexes, the healthy and the invalid, in fog, cold, and
night air—elegant in construction, varied in form and
material—superseeding and combining the Shawl-Wrapper
and Respirator; avoiding the cumbersome character of either, they are more indispensable for the drive, promenade,
opera, and route, than extra clothing elsewhere. The
principle of a Respirator being sufficient resistance to the
outward air combined with as much ventilation as will
fulfil this condition, it has remained for COOK and WILLIAMS
to make the discovery one of real importance to the public
in this climate, that this condition is naturally fulfilled by
the porosity of woven fabrics, properly selected and com-
bined, without the unnecessary complexity, weight, and
expense of metallic additions, with the unparallelled advan-
tages, under COOK and WILLIAMS's construction, of the ventila-
tion being diffused over a larger surface, and facility of
regulation to any degree of temperature, embodying perfect
simplicity with complete efficiency.

To be had of MESSRS. COOK and WILLIAMS, 10, PRINCE'S
STREET, HANOVER SQUARE; of MESSRS. H. BRIDGE and CO.,
270, REGENT STREET, CHEMISTS and SARSAFARIA DEPOT; and
of the principal CHEMISTS, HOSIERS, and MILLINERS, &c.
throughout the United Kingdom.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS are

confidently recommended as a simple but certain
Remedy, to all who suffer from Indigestion, Sick Head-Ache,
Bilious and Liver Complaints, Heartburn, and Acidity of the
Stomach, Depressed Spirits, Disturbed Sleep, Violent Pal-
pitations, Spasms, General Debility, Costiveness, &c. They
act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their
operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of
persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived
from their use. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1*d.*, 2s. 9*d.*, and 1*l.*
each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

CAUTION.—Be sure to ask for “NORTON'S PILLS,”
and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

TOOTHACHE PERMANENTLY

CREATED by using BRANDE'S ENAMEL for filling
decaying Teeth, and rendering them sound and painless.
Price 1*s.* Enough for several Teeth. The only substance
approved by the medical faculty, as being unattended with
pain or danger, and the good effects of which are permanent.

Sold by all Chemists in the United Kingdom. Twenty
really authorized Testimonials accompany each box, with
full directions for use. Sent free, by return of post, by J.
WILLIS, 24, EAST TEMPLE CHAMBERS, WHITEFRIARS, FLEET
STREET, LONDON, in return for thirteen penny stamps.

CAUTION.—The great success of this preparation has
induced numerous unskillful persons to produce spurious
imitations, and to copy BRANDE'S ENAMEL Advertis-
ements. It is needful, therefore, to guard against such im-
positions, by seeing that the name of JOHN WILLIS accom-
panies each packet.

CHEAP NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

TO be SOLD, 5,000 Volumes, including all the Standard and Popular Works by our most Celebrated Authors, at remarkably Low Prices. Catalogues gratis, or will be forwarded Free, on receipt of Two Postage stamps, at D. N. CARVALHO'S Cheap Book Warehouse, 147, Fleet Street. Parties wishing to form Circulating Libraries, will find this a favourable opportunity.

PIANOFORTES, 25 GUINEAS EACH.

D'ALMAINE and Co., 20, Soho Square, London, (established 1785), sole manufacturers of the ROYAL PIANOFORTES, combining all the latest improvements of construction, with richness of tone and elasticity of touch; possessing also distinguished elegance of form and finished nicely of workmanship, uninfluenced by the varied effects of temperature, therefore admirably calculated for India, Australia, Canada, and other extreme climates, and recommended by the most eminent musicians. Height 3 feet 9 inches, width 4 feet, depth 2 feet 2 inches. Manufactured in mahogany, walnut, maple, satin, zebra, or rosewood, at the uniform net cash price of 25 guineas each. D'Almaigne and Co. earnestly solicit the favour of a visit from intending purchasers to inspect their Royal pianofortes, manufactured in various woods to suit every description of furniture, at the extraordinary low price of 25 guineas, in order to meet the requirements of a large portion of the musical public.

Professional testimonial respecting the pianofortes of D'Almaigne and Co.—We, "the undersigned members of the musical profession, having carefully examined the Royal Pianofortes manufactured by Messrs. D'Almaigne and Co., have great pleasure in bearing testimony to their merits and capabilities. It appears to us impossible to produce instruments of the same size, possessing a richer and finer tone, more elastic touch, or more equal temperament, while the elegance of their construction renders them a handsome ornament for the library, boudoir, or drawing room." J. L. Abel, F. Benedict, H. R. Bishop, F. Chatterton, J. B. Chatterton, P. Delavanti, W. Forde, E. J. Fitzwilliam, Stephen Glover, H. F. Hasse, W. Guerneys, W. H. Holmes, J. L. Hatton, E. Harrison, G. F. Kialimark, G. Lanza, E. J. Loder, Ricardo Linter, Alexander Lee, A. Leffler, C. Minasi, H. Maceo, F. Praeger, E. Roekel, G. H. Rodwell, J. Templeton, F. Weber, &c.

D'ALMAINE and Co., Royal Pianoforte Warehouse, 20, Soho Square.

DECORATIVE PAINTING.—Mr. FREDERICK SANG, from the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUNICH, Decorative Artist in Fresco, and all other manners of Painting, whose works may be seen in the principal Public Buildings of the Metropolis, begs to inform his Patrons, and Architects in particular, that he has considerably increased his Establishment, and is now enabled to undertake, on the shortest notice, the Embellishment of Private and Public Buildings, in any part of the United Kingdom, on the most reasonable Terms, and in any of the CLASSICAL, MEDIEVAL, or MODERN STYLES. Apply to F. SANG, Decorative Artist, 58, Pall Mall, London.

MINING COMPANY OF WALES. ST. PIERRE FOLEY, C. and M. E. Secretary. Offices, 24, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

Assurance Companies.

UNITED KINGDOM

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Established by Act of Parliament in 1834.

8, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON; 97, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH; 12, ST. VINCENT PLACE, GLASGOW; 4, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

The bonus added to Policies from March, 1834, to the 31st December, 1847, is as follow:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1848.	Sum payable at Death.
£ 5000	13 yrs. 10 mo.	£ 6 8	£ 78 10 0	£ 6479 16 8
5000	1 year	10 0	5112 10 0
1000	12 years	100 0 0	137 10 0	123 10 0
1000	7 years	137 10 0	1157 10 0
1000	1 year	22 10 0	1022 10 0
500	12 years	50 0 0	78 15 0	628 15 0
500	4 years	45 0 0	345 0 0
500	1 year	11 5 0	511 5 0

The premiums, nevertheless, are on the most moderate scale, and only one-half need be paid for the first five years when the insurance is for life. Every information afforded on application to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

DISPUTED LIFE ASSURANCE

POLICIES.—The following is an extract from *The Times* of the 11th of July, 1850:—"A trial of considerable interest to life assurance offices and the public, was concluded yesterday in the Court of Exchequer. The Eagle Company held a policy for an assurance of £530 in the Albion Company as security for an advance, the payment of which policy was now disputed by the Albion, on the ground that at the time it was effected the fact of the assured party having been a man of intemperate habits was concealed from the office. The chief evidence turned upon the question as to the degree of intemperance that had been exhibited, and the result was that a verdict was given against the resisting office, not only for the amount of policy, but also for £40 interest from the date when it became due. The circumstance of the action being brought by one office against another presents a striking illustration of the uncertainty which may attach to all policies under the present system, and shows that the only mode by which absolute security can be obtained by the public must lie in the general adoption by assurance offices of the plan of protecting themselves in every case by due inquiries before the granting of each policy, and of afterwards assuming the full responsibility of the completeness of such inquiries by holding themselves precluded from raising any future question. In the present case two offices are found to be diametrically opposed in their opinions as to what can properly invalidate a claim, and yet the public are expected to be able to guard themselves against such contingencies. Similar cases have occurred before, and even if they were more rare, they would seriously injure the progress of life assurance. The very principle upon which the business is founded is counteracted in the slightest degree, the people who would be the first to resort to its advantages are the first to be deterred."

THE LONDON INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament,) No. 72, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

TRUSTEES.

Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.
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Richard Malins, Esq., Q.C. William Wilberforce, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

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J. T. Bramwell, Esq., Lau- C. O. Parnell, Esq., Norfolk rence Pountney-lane. Street, Park-lane.
John Dangerfield, Esq., Chancery-lane.

AUDITORS.

George Cumming, Esq., James Turner, Esq., Parlia-Westbourne-grove. ment Street.
Wm. D. Starling, Esq., David Henry Stone, Esq., 'Change-alley, City. Poultry.

BANKERS.—The London and County Bank.
MEDICAL ADVISER.—B. Phillips, Esq., F.R.S.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Atkins and Andrew.
SECRETARY.—David Alison, Esq.

PADDINGTON LOCAL BOARD, 24, CONNAUGHT-TERRACE, EDGEWARE-ROAD.

The Rev. J. S. Boone, A.M., Thomas Jervis Amos, Esq., Stanhope Street, Hyde York Street, Portman Park. Square.
Captain Croord, Norfolk- crescent, Oxford Square.
Charles Pemberton, Esq., Eastbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, and New-square, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

MEDICAL ADVISER.—J. B. Brown, Esq.
SECRETARY.—Charles Hoghton, Esq.

The policies of this company being indisputable, form FAMILY PROVISIONS AND NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES, for their validity is not dependent, as in the case of ordinary policies, upon the import of previous reports and other documents.

Owing to this important improvement in the practice of life assurance, the progress of this company has been rapid from the commencement of its business, and is steadily advancing.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Manager.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
LONDON: 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.
EDINBURGH: 3, GEORGE STREET, (Head Office).
DUBLIN: 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

DIVISION OF PROFITS, 1850.

The CALCULATIONS are now in progress, preparatory to a DIVISION OF PROFITS for the Five Years ending

15TH NOVEMBER NEXT.

and as all Policies opened before that date will Participate in the Division, the Directors request the attention of parties purposing to assure, to the advantage of joining the Company at this time.

As the Company's Policies are ranked at each Division of Profits, according to the particular year in which they are opened, persons who may Assure before 15th November next will also receive Additions, at the following rate, at future Divisions:—

6 Years in 1855,

11 " in 1860,

16 " in 1865,

and so on, increasing by five years at each period. THE BONUS ADDITIONS declared in 1835, 1840, and 1845, are shown in the Company's Prospectus.

The following are Specimens extracted from the Table referred to:

A Policy for £1000, opened in 1825, was increased

in 1845 to £1600

Do. . . . 1827, " 155

Do. . . . 1829, " 1450

PROGRESS OF THIS BUSINESS.

During the year 1849 upwards of EIGHT HUNDRED PERSONS joined the Company; and during the last six years alone upwards of THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED PERSONS have become Assurers.

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY was established in 1825, and now stands the First Office in Scotland in public favour, as shown by the Reports of the year 1849, having transacted a larger business in that year than any other institution. The Income of the Company is £160,000 PER ANNUM; and its large and increasing Funds have been invested with much care, chiefly on the security of Land or Government Securities.

Every information will be supplied at the Company's Offices in Edinburgh, London, or Dublin, also at the Agencies of the Company, which are established throughout Scotland, England, and Ireland.

WILL. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.
PETER EWART, Resident Secretary.

London, 82, King William Street.

THE YORKSHIRE

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED AT YORK, 1824,
AND EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL, £500,000.

TRUSTEES.

LORD WENLOCK, Escrick Park.
G. L. THOMPSON, Esq., Sheriff-Hutton Park.

ROBERT SWAIN, Esq., York.

BANKERS.—Messrs. SWANN, CLOUGH, and Co., York.
ACTUARY and SECRETARY.—Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, York.

The attention of the Public is particularly called to the terms of this Company for LIFE INSURANCES, and to the distinction which is made between MALE and FEMALE Lives.

Extract from the Table of Premiums for Insuring £100.

Age next birth- day.	A MALE A FEMALE		Age next birth- day.	A MALE A FEMALE	
	Whole Life Premiums	Whole Life Premiums		Whole Life Premiums	Whole Life Premiums
10	£ 2 6	£ 2 6	46	£ 3 9	£ 3 2
11	3 1	3 1	50	4 1	3 13 3
12	4 1	4 1	53	4 11	4 2 6
13	5 1	5 1	56	5 4 1	4 14 0
14	6 1	6 1	60	6 6 0	5 12 6
15	7 1	7 1	63	7 4 0	6 9 6
16	8 0	8 0	66	8 4 0	7 10 8
17	8 9	8 9	70	10 1 0	9 7 6
18	9 8	9 8	76	11 16 2	10 1 0
19	10 7	10 7	80	13 1 9	11 1 9
20	11 6	11 6			15 12 10

* **Example.**—A Gentleman whose age does not exceed 30, may insure £1000, payable on his decease, for an annual payment of £22 10s.; and a Lady of the same age may insure the same sum, for an annual payment of £10 17s. 6d.

Prospectuses with the rates of premium for the intermediate ages, and every information may be had at the Head Office in York, or of any of the Agents.

FIRE INSURANCES

Are also effected by this Company, on the most moderate terms.

Agents are wanted in those Towns where no appointments have been made. Applications to be made to Mr. W. L. NEWMAN, Actuary and Secretary, York, or to

MR. HENRY DINSDALE,

12, Wellington Street, Strand, Agent for London.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,
50, REGENT STREET;
CITY BRANCH, 2, ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.
ESTABLISHED 1806.

POLICY HOLDERS' CAPITAL, £1,180,722.
ANNUAL INCOME, £148,000. BONUSES DECLARED, £743,000.
Claims paid since the establishment of the Office, £1,886,000.

PRESIDENT.

The Right Honourable EARL GREY.

DIRECTORS.FREDERICK SQUIRE, Esq., *Chairman.*WILLIAM HENRY STONE, Esq., *Deputy Chairman.*

Henry B. Alexander, Esq. Thomas Maughan, Esq.
George Dacre, Esq. William Ostler, Esq.
Alexander Henderson, M.D. Apsley Pellatt, Esq.
William Judd, Esq. George Round, Esq.
Sir Richard D. King, Bart. The Rev. James Sherman.
The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. Capt. William J. Williams.

J. A. BEAUMONT, Esq., *Managing Director.*Physician—JOHN MACLEAN, M.D., F.S.S., 29, Upper
Montague Street, Montague Square.**NINETEEN-TWENTIETHS OF THE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED
AMONG THE INSURED.***Examples of the Extinction of Premiums by the Surrender
of Bonuses.*

Date of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Original Premium.	Bonuses added subsequently, to be further increased annually.
1806	2300	79 10 10	Extinct.
1811	1800	33 19 2	ditto
1818	1800	34 16 10	ditto

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total with additions, to be further increased.
221	1807	900	9 2 12 1	1800 12 1
1174	1810	1200	11 1 12 1	2300 12 1
3392	1820	30 00	3 3 5 12 1	8538 17 8

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No. 1.—A holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,091, met with an accident by falling off the platform at Preston, on the night of the 1st November. Adjusted by a payment of 7s. 6d.

No. 2.—A Mail Guard, Insured by a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,584, whilst travelling from Coalbridge to Perth, on the 29th November; having occasion to get out at the Stirling Station, he slipped between the platform and Post Office Van. The injury he sustained prevented him from attending to his duties till the 3rd January. Awarded 20/-.

No. 3.—The Holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,396, whilst travelling from Macclesfield to Manchester, on the 31st December, was thrown against a gentleman sitting opposite to him, and received a blow on his face, which rendered him incapable of attending to his business for a few days. His claim was settled by the Company paying at his request Five Guineas to the Manchester Infirmary, the Claimant himself a medical man.

No. 4.—A Commercial Traveller, and holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 16,880, met with an accident at the Thirsk Station of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway, whilst about to proceed to Newcastle, on the 24th January.

The injury consisted of a severe bruise of the thumb, caused by a Porter shutting the door of the carriage on his left hand, before he could take his seat; the accident obliged him, after remaining a week at Newcastle, to return home from his journey, which he was unable to resume until February 11th. Awarded 31/- 10s.

No. 5.—The holder of a First Class Ticket, issued at Leicester, January 28th, was a Passenger in the train that ran off the rails between Bilsborrow and Wolverton; he was thrown with great violence against another Passenger, and the shock unfastened him from attending to business for some days. Awarded 14/- 10s.

No. 6.—The party in this instance is a Clerk in the Travelling Post Office, and the holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 5,474, and was severely injured, especially in the face and eyes, by the collision of the Mail with the Goods' Train, that occurred on the 13th February, near the Abingdon Station, on the Caledonian Railway. Awarded 210/- The injury to the eyes being feared to be of a permanent character.

No. 7.—The Holder of a Single Journey Ticket was also a Passenger in the same train. The Claimant was about to proceed to New York by the Canada, but the injury he received prevented him from doing so. Awarded 30/-.

No. 8.—The Holder of a Periodical Ticket, No. 7,343, was injured by the collision between the Passengers' and Goods' Train in the long Tunnel in the Leeds and Bradford Railway, on the 18th February. Awarded 40/-.

No. 9.—A Commercial Traveller, holder of Periodical Ticket No. 16,851, was travelling by the Mail Train, that left Newcastle at 4 P.M. on the 15th March for Manchester, and sustained a severe shock by the Engine running off the Line near the Victoria Bridge. Awarded 10/-.

No. 10.—A Government Officer and his Wife were Passengers b^r the Mail Train that left Durham at half-past four o'clock P.M., on 6th May, which ran into an engine in the siding, from the points not having been properly set, near the Belmont Station of the York, Newcastle and Berwick Railway. They were both much hurt by the collision. Awarded 35/-.

No. 11.—An Engine Driver whilst driving the engine of a Goods' Train on the 25th of May, between Bilsborrow and Wolverton, was thrown beneath the engine, from the train coming in collision with a bale of cloth that had just fallen on the line from a passing Train; he was much scalded, and otherwise severely injured. Awarded 42/-.

Claims 12 to 17.

Were made by parties who were travelling by the Excursion Train on the 3rd July, from Leek and Macclesfield to Liverpool, the weight of which overpowered the breaks on entering the station.

No. 12.—The Claimant, with his Wife and Mother-in-

law, from Leek, Second Class passengers, were all bruised. Awarded 6/-.

No. 13.—A young woman from Leek, a Third Class Passenger, had her face hurt. Awarded 2/-.

No. 14.—A man and his wife employed in the manufacture of silk, Third Class passengers, were both slightly injured by the shock. Awarded 2/-.

No. 15.—A passenger from Macclesfield had insured himself and family, six in number, three of whom received some injuries from the concussion. Awarded 5/- 5s.

No. 16.—A gentleman holding a Periodical Ticket, No. 6,751, left Macclesfield in the above Train, and was so shaken as to be incapacitated from attending to his business for a few days. Awarded 6/-.

No. 17.—A Second Class passenger from Macclesfield, was severely injured about the spine and neck, which still confines her to her room.

No. 18 and 19.—These Claims were made by two gentle men, holders of Periodical Tickets, employed in the Railways Post Office, and travelling by the Mail Train that left the Euston Station on the evening of the 6th July, and ran into some wagons of a Goods' Train, proceeding on the same Line, near Harrow. One of them sprained the muscle of his back, and the other was thrown against the corner of the Post Office, breaking one of his ribs, and being otherwise injured.

Claims No. 17, 18, and 19 are in course of adjustment.

No. 20.—The Claimant and his wife were Third Class passengers by the same Train; he escaped with a few bruises, but his wife was much injured. Awarded 15/-.

From the accident that occurred to the Excursion Train at Coulourn in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, on the 1st August, when Six persons were deprived of their lives, and many others injured, the following Claims have arisen:—

No. 21.—A farmer from Dubheads, near Crieff, was hurt about the head and face. Awarded 6/-.

No. 22.—A carpenter from Auchterarder, received a blow in the head. Awarded 4/-.

No. 23.—A farmer from Strathallen, was also hurt about the head. Awarded 5/-.

No. 24.—A draper from Auchterarder, was injured about the thigh and side. Awarded 3/- 3s.

No. 25.—A man from Auchterarder, was severely bruised about the ribs.

No. 26.—A brother to the above was slightly injured. Awarded 2/- 2s.

No. 27.—A female was bruised, and otherwise internally hurt. Awarded 6/-.

No. 28.—Another female was injured about the chest and side. Awarded 2/- 2s.

No. 29.—A man from Auchterarder, was slightly injured.

No. 30.—A farmer from Tulliebairdine, was seriously bruised. Awarded 10/-.

Claims 25 and 29 are in course of adjustment.

In most of the above cases the sum awarded is exclusive of the medical expenses incurred by the sufferers, which have been defrayed by this Company, in addition to that of their own medical officer, who promptly visited the injured parties on hearing of the accident.

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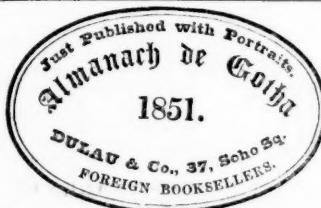
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